MENAPHON
Camillas alarum to
ſlumbering Euphues, in his *melancholie Cell at Si-* lexedra.

VVherein are deciphered the variable effects of Fortune, the wonders of Loue, the tri- *umphes of inconſtant Time.*

Diſplaying in ſundrie conceipted paſsions (figu- *red in a continuate Hiſtorie) the Trophees that* Vertue carrieth triumphant, maugre the wrath of Enuie, or the reſo- lution of Fortune.

A worke worthie the youngeſt eares *for pleaſure, or the graueſt cenſures for principles.*

Robertus Greene in Artibus magiſter.

Omne tulit punctum.

LONDON
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To the right Worshipfull and vertuous Ladie, the Ladie Hales, wife to the late deceased Sir Iames Hales; Robert Greene wisheth increase of Worship and vertue.

WHen *Alexander* (right worshipfull) was troubled with hotteſt feuers, *Phillip* the phiſition broght him the coldeſt potions; extreams haue ther Antidotes, & the drieſt melancholy hath a moiſteſt ſanguin; wiſe *Hortenzia* midſt hir greateſt dumpes, either playd with hir Children, or read ſome pleaſant verſes: ſuch as ſorrow hath pinched mirth muſt cure. This conſidered; hearing (madam) of the paſsions your Ladiſhip hath vttered a late for the loſſe of your huſband, a Knight in life worshipfull, vertuous, and full of honourable thoghts; diſcouering by ſuch paſsionate ſorowes the patterne of a louing and vertuous wife, whoſe ioyes liued in hir husbands weale, and ended with his life, I thought it my dutie to write this paſtorall hiſtorie, conteyning the manifolde iniuries of fortune, that both your Ladiſhip might ſee her inconſtant follies, and beare hir frownes with more patience; and when your dumpes were moſt deepe, then to looke on this little treatiſe for recreation: wherein there be as well humors to delight, as diſcourſes to aduiſe. Which if your Ladiſhip ſhall vouch to accept, couering my preſumption and faultes which your wonted courteſie; I haue the wiſhed end of my labors. In which hope reſting, I commit your Ladiſhip to the Almightie.

Yours in all humble ſeruice,

Robert Greene.

To the Gentlemen Readers, *health.*

IT fareth with mee Gentlemen, as with Batillus *the ouer bold poet of* Rome, *that at euerie winke of* Cæsar *would deliuer vp an hundred verses, though neuer a one plausible, thinking the Emperours smile a priuiledge for his ignorance: so I hauing your fauor in letting passe my Pamphlets, feare not to trouble your patience with many works, and such as if* Batillus *had liued, hee might well haue subscribed his name to. But resting vpon your fauors I haue thus farre aduentured to let you see* Camillas alarum to Euphues, *who thought it necessarie not to let* Euphues censure to Philautus, *passe without requitall. If Gentlemen you finde my stile either* magis humile *in some place, or more* sublime *in another, if you finde darke Ænigmaes or strange conceipts as if* Sphinx *on the one side, and* Roscius *on the other were playing the wagges; thinke the metaphors are well ment, and that I did it for your pleasures, whereunto I euer aymed my thoughts: and desire you to take a little paines to prie into my imagination. Wherein if you shall rest mine, I shall euer as I haue done rest yours; and so I bid you farewell.*

To

In laudem Authoris,

Diſtichon amoris.

DElicious words, the life of wanton wit,
That doo enſpire our ſoules with ſweete content;
Why haue your father Hermes *thought it fit*
My eyes ſhould ſurfet by my hearts conſent?

Full twentie Summers haue I fading ſeene,
And twentie Floras *in their golden guiſe:*
Yet neuer viewd I ſuch a pleaſant Greene
As this, whoſe garniſht gleades, compare denies.

Of all the flowers a Lillie *once I lou'd,*
Whoſe labouring beautie brancht it ſelfe abroade;
But now old age his glorie hath remoud,
And Greener obiectes are my eyes aboade.

No countrey to the downes of Arcadie,
Where Aganippes *euer ſpringing wells*
Doo moyſt the meades with bubling melodie;
And makes me muſe, what more in Delos *dwelles;*

There feedes our Menaphons *celeſtiall Muſe,*
There makes his pipe his paſtorall reporte;
Which ſtrained now a note aboue his vſe,
Foretels, he'le nere more chaunt of Choas *ſporte.*

Reade all that liſt, and reade till you miſlike;
Condemne who can, ſo enuie be no iudge:
No reede can ſwell more higher, leſſe it ſhrike.
Robin *thou haſt done well, care not who grudge.*

HENRIE VPCHEAR Gentleman.

Thomas Brabine Gent.

in praiſe of the Author.

COme foorth you witts that vaunt the pompe of ſpeach,
And ſtriue to thunder from a Stage-mans throate:
View Menaphon *a note beyond your reach;*
Whoſe ſight will make your drumming deſcant doate:
Players auant, you know not to delight;
Welcome ſweete Shepheard, worth a Schollers ſight.

Smirna *is drie, and* Helicon *exhal'd,*
Caballian *founts haue left their ſpringing ſourſe,*
Parnaſſus *with his Lawrell ſtands appal'd;*
And yet His *Muſe keepes on her wonted courſe:*
Wonted ſaid? I wrong his paines too much,
Since that his pen before brought foorth none ſuch.

One writes of loue, and wanders in the aire;
Another ſtands on tearmes of trees and ſtones:
When heauens compare yeeldes but the praiſe of faire,
And chriſt all can deſcribe but fleſh and bones:
Yet countrey ſwaynes, whoſe thoughts are faith and troth,
Will ſhape ſweete words of wooll and ruſſet cloth.

Mongſt whom if I my Tityrus *ſhould chuſe,*
Whoſe warbling tunes might wanton out my woes;
To none more oftner would my ſolace vſe,
Than to his Paſtoralls their mortall foes.
Sweete verſe, ſweete proſe, how haue you pleaſde my vaine?
Be thou ſtill Greene, *whiles others glorie waine.*

Finis.

To the Gentlemen Students
of both Vniuerſities.

VRteous and wiſe, whoſe iudgements (not entangled with enuie) enlarge the deſerts of the Learned by your liberall cenſures; vouchſafe to welcome your ſcholler-like Shepheard with ſuch Vniuerſitie entertainement, as either the nature of your bountie, or the cuſtome of your common ciuilitie may affoord. To you he appeales that knew him *ab extrema pueritia*, whoſe *placet* he accounts the *plaudite* of his paines; thinking his daie labour was not altogether lauiſht *ſine linea*, if there be anie thing of all init, that doth *olere atticum* in your eſtimate. I am not ignorant how eloquent our gowned age is growen of late; ſo that euerie mœchanicall mate abhorres the engliſh he was borne too, and plucks with a ſolemne periphraſis, his *vt vales* from the inkhorne: which I impute not ſo much to the perfection of arts, as to the ſeruile imitation of vainglorious tragœdians, who contend not ſo ſeriouſlie to excell in action, as to embowell the clowdes in a ſpeach of compariſon; thinking themſelues more than initiated in poets immortalitie, if they but once get *Boreas* by the beard, and the heauenlie bull by the deaw-lap. But herein I cannot ſo fully bequeath them to follie, as their idiote art-maſters, that intrude thẽſelues to our eares as the alcumiſts of eloquence; who (moũted on the ſtage of arrogance) think to outbraue better pens with the ſwelling bumbaſt of a bragging blanke verſe. Indeed it may be the ingrafted ouerflow of ſome kilcow conceipt, that ouercloieth their imagination with a more than drunken reſolution, beeing not extemporall in the inuention of anie other meanes to vent their manhood, commits the diſgeſtion of their cholerick incumbrances, to the ſpacious volubilitie of a drumming decaſillabon. Mongſt this kinde of men that repoſe eternitie in the mouth of a player,

To the Gentlemen

I can but ingroſſe ſome deepe read Grammarians, who hauing no more learning in their ſcull, than will ſerue to take vp a commoditie; nor Art in their brain, than was nouriſhed in a ſeruing mans idleneſſe, will take vpon them to be the ironicall cenſors of all, when God and Poetrie doth know, they are the ſimpleſt of all. To leaue theſe to the mercie of their mother tongue, that feed on nought but the crummes that fal from the tranſlators trencher, I come (ſweet friend) to thy *Arcadian Menaphon*; whoſe attire though not ſo ſtatelie, yet comelie, dooth entitle thee aboue all other, to that *temperatum dicendi genus*, which *Tullie* in his *Orator* tearmeth true eloquence. Let other men (as they pleaſe) praiſe the mountaine that in ſeauen yeares brings foorth a mouſe, or the Italionate pen, that of a packet of pilfries, affoordeth the preſſe a pamphlet or two in an age, and then in diſguiſed arraie, vaunts *Ouids* and *Plutarchs* plumes as their owne; but giue me the man, whoſe extemporall vaine in anie humor, will excell our greateſt Art-maſters deliberate thoughts; whoſe inuention quicker than his eye, will challenge the proudeſt Rethoritian, to the contention of like perfection, with like expedition. What is he amongſt Students ſo ſimple, that cannot bring forth (*tandem aliquando*) ſome or other thing ſingular, ſleeping betwixt euerie ſentence? Was it not *Maros* xij. yeares toyle, that ſo famed his xij. *Æneidos?* Or *Peter Ramus* xvj. yeares paines, that ſo praiſed his pettie Logique? Howe is it then, out drowping wits ſhould ſo wonder at an exquiſite line, that was his maſters day labour? Indeede I muſt needes ſay, the deſcending yeares from the Philoſophers *Athens*, haue not been ſupplied with ſuch preſent Orators, as were able in anie Engliſh vaine to be eloquent of their owne, but either they muſt borow inuention of *Arioſto*, and his Countreymen, take vp choyce of words by exchange in *Tullies Tuſculane*, and the Latine Hiſtoriographers ſtore-houſes; ſimilitudes, nay whole ſheetes and tractacts *verbatim*, from the plentie of *Plutarch*

Plutarch and *Plinie*; and to conclude, their whole methode of writing, from the libertie of Comical fictions, that haue ſucceeded to our Rethoritians, by a ſecond imitation: ſo that, well may the Adage, *Nil dictum quod non dictum prius*, bee the moſt iudiciall eſtimate, of our latter Writers. But the hunger of our vnſatiate humoriſts, beeing ſuch as it is, readie to ſwallowe all draffe without indifference, that inſinuates it ſelfe to their ſenſes vnder the name of delight, imployes oft times manie thred bare witts, to emptie their inuention of their Apiſh deuices, and talke moſt ſuperficiallie of Pollicie, as thoſe that neuer ware gowne in the Vniuerſitie; whereinthey reuiue the olde ſaide Adage, *Sus Mineruam*, & cauſe the wiſer to quippe them with *Aſinus ad Lyram*. Would Gentlemen & riper iudgements admit my motion of moderation in a matter of follie, I wold perſwade them to phiſicke their faculties of ſeeing & hearing, as the *Sabæans* doo their dulled ſenſes with ſmelling; who (as *Strabo* reporteth) ouer-cloyed with ſuch odoriferous ſauours, as the naturall encreaſe of their Countrey, (Balſamum, Amomum, with Myrrhe and Frankencenſe) ſends foorth, refreſh their noſthrills with the vnſauorie ſent, of the pitchie ſlime, that *Euphrates* caſts vp, and the contagious fumes of Goates beardes burnt; ſo woulde I haue them, beeing ſurfetted vnawares with the ſweete facietie of eloquence, which the lauiſh of our copious Language maie procure, to vſe the remedie of contraries; and recreate their rebated witts, not as they did, with the ſenting of ſlyme or Goates beardes burnt, but with the ouer-ſeeing of that *ſublime dicendi genus*, which walkes abroad for waſt paper in each ſeruing mans pocket, and the otherwhile peruſing of our Gothamiſts barbariſme; ſo ſhoulde the oppoſite compariſon of *Puritie*, expell the infection of abſurditie; and their ouer-rackte Rhethorique, bee the Ironicall recreation of the Reader. But ſo farre diſcrepant is the idle vſage

To the Gentlemen

of our vnexperienſt punies from this preſcription, that a tale of Ihon a Brainfords will, and the vnluckie furmentie, wilbe as ſoon interteined into their libraries, as the beſt poeme that euer *Taſſo* eterniſht: which being the effect of an vndeſcerning iudgement, makes droſſe as valuable as gold, and loſſe as welcome as gaine, the Glow-worme mentioned in *Æſops* fables, namelie the apes follie, to be miſtaken for fire, when as God wot poore ſoules, they haue nought but their toyle for their heate, their paines for their ſweate, and (to bring it to our engliſh prouerbe) their labour for their trauaile. Wherin I can but reſemble them to the Panther, who is ſo greedie of mens excrements; that if they be hangd vp in a veſſell higher than his reach, he ſooner killeth himſelfe with the ouer-ſtretching of his windleſſe bodie, than he wil ceaſe from his intended enterpriſe. Oft haue I obſerued what I now ſet downe; a ſecular wit that hath liued all daies of his life by what doo you lacke, to bee more iudiciall in matters of conceit, than our quadrant crepundios, that ſpit *ergo* in the mouth of euerie one they meete: yet thoſe & theſe are ſo affectionate to dogged detracting, as the moſt poyſonous *Paſquil*, anie durtie mouthed *Martin*, or *Momus* euer compoſed, is gathered vp with greedineſſe before it fall to the ground, and bought at the deereſt though they ſmell of the friplers lauander halfe a yeere after: for I know not how the minde of the meaneſt is fedde with this follie, that they impute ſingularitie, to him that ſlanders priuelie, and count it a great peece of arte in an inkhorne man, in anie tapſterlie tearmes whatſoeuer, to oppoſe his ſuperiours to enuie. I will not denie but in ſcholler-like matters of controuerſie, a quicker ſtile may paſſe as commendable; and that a quippe to an aſſe is as good as a goad to an oxe: but when an irregular idiot, that was vp to the eares in diuinitie, before euer he met with *probabile* in the Vniuerſitie, ſhall leaue *pro & contra* before he can ſcarcely pronounce it, & come to correct Common weales, that neuer heard of the name of Magiſtrate before he came to

Cam-

Cambridge, it is no meruaile if euery alehouſe vaunt the table of the world turned vpſide down; ſince the childe beats his father, & the aſſe whippes his maſter. But leaſt I might ſeeme with theſe night crowes, *Nimis curioſus in aliena republica*. I'le turne backe to my firſt text, of ſtudies of delight; and talke a little in friendſhip with a few of our triuiall tranſlators. It is a cõmon practiſe now a daies amongſt a ſort of ſhifting companions, that runne through euery arte and thriue by none, to leaue the trade of *Nouerint* whereto they were borne, and buſie themſelues with the indeuors of Art, that could ſcarcelie latinize their necke-verſe if they ſhould haue neede; yet Engliſh *Seneca* read by candle light yeeldes manie good ſentences, as *Bloud is a begger*, and ſo foorth: and if you intreate him faire in a froſtie morning, he will affoord you whole *Hamlets*, I ſhould ſay handfulls of tragical ſpeaches. But ô griefe! *tempus edax rerum*, what's that will laſt alwaies? The ſea exhaled by droppes will in continuance be drie, and *Seneca* let bloud line by line and page by page, at length muſt needes die to our ſtage: which makes his famiſht followers to imitate the Kidde in *Æſop*, who enamored with the Foxes newſangles, forſooke all hopes of life to leape into a new occupation; and theſe men renowncing all poſsibilities of credit or eſtimation, to intermeddle with Italian tranſlations: wherein how poorelie they haue plodded, (as thoſe that are neither prouenzall men, nor are able to diſtinguiſh of Articles,) let all indifferent Gentlemen that haue trauailed in that tongue, diſcerne by their twopenie pamphlets: & no meruaile though their home-born mediocritie be ſuch in this matter; for what can be hoped of thoſe, that thruſt *Eliſium* into hell, and haue not learned ſo long as they haue liued in the ſpheares, the iuſt meaſure of the Horizon without an hexameter. Sufficeth them to bodge vp a blanke verſe with ifs and ands, & other while for recreation after their candle ſtuffe, hauing ſtarched their beardes moſt curiouſlie, to make a peripatеticall path into the inner parts of the Citie, & ſpend two or three

To the Gentlemen

howers in turning ouer French *Doudie*, where they attract more infection in one minute, than they can do eloquence all dayes of their life, by conuersing with anie Authors of like argument. But least in this declamatorie vaine, I should condemne all and commend none, I will propound to your learned imitation, those men of import, that haue laboured with credit in this laudable kinde of Translation; In the forefront of whom, I cannot but place that aged Father *Erasmus*, that inuested most of our Greeke Writers, in the roabes of the auncient *Romaines*; in whose traces, *Philip Melanchthon*, *Sadolet*, *Plantine*, and manie other reuerent Germaines insisting, haue reedified the ruines of our decayed Libraries, and meruellouslie inriched the Latine tongue with the expence of their toyle. Not long after, their emulation beeing transported into *England*, euerie priuate Scholler, *William Turner*, and who not, begaune to vaunt their smattering of Latine, in English Impressions. But amongst others in that Age, Sir *Thomas Eliots* elegance did seuer it selfe from all equalls, although Sir *Thomas Moore* with his Comicall wit, at that instant was not altogether idle: yet was not Knowledge fullie confirmed in hir Monarchie amongst vs, till that most famous and fortunate Nurse of all learning, Saint *Johns* in *Cambridge*, that at that time was as an Vniuersitie within it selfe; shining so farre aboue all other Houses, Halls, and Hospitalls whatsoeuer, that no Colledge in the Towne, was able to compare with the tythe of her Students; hauing (as I haue hearde graue men of credite report) more candles light in it, euerie Winter Morning before fowre of the clocke, than the fowre of clocke bell gaue stroakes; till Shee (I saie) as a pittying Mother, put too her helping hande, and sent from her fruitefull wombe, sufficient Schollers, both to support her owne weale, as also to supplie all other inferiour

feriour foundations defects, and namelie that royall erection of *Trinitie Colledge*, which the Vniuersitie Orator, in an Epistle to the Duke of *Somerset*, aptlie tearmed *Colona diuulsa*, from the Suburbes of *Saint Iohns*. In which extraordinarie conception, *vno partu in rempublicam prodiere*, the Exchequer of eloquence Sir *Ihon Cheeke*, a man of men, supernaturally traded in al tongues, Sir *Ihon Mason*, Doctor *Watson*, *Redman*, *Aschame*, *Grindall*, *Leuer*, *Pilkington*: all which, haue either by their priuate readings, or publique workes, repurged the errors of Artes, expelde from their puritie, and set before our eyes, a more perfect Methode of Studie. But howe ill their preceptes haue prospered with our idle Age, that leaue the fountaines of sciences, to follow the riuers of Knowledge, their ouer-fraught Studies, with trifling Compendiaries maie testifie: for I knowe not howe it comes to passe, by the doating practise of our Diuinitie dunces, that striue to make their Pupills pulpet men, before they are reconciled to *Priscian*: but those yeares, which shoulde bee employed in *Aristotle*, are expired in Epitomes; and well too, they maye haue so much Catechisme vacation, to rake vp a little refuse Philosophie. And heere could I enter into a large fielde of inuectiue, against our abiect abbreuiations of Artes, were it not growen to a newe fashion amongst our Nation, to vaunt the pride of contraction in euerie manuarie action: in so much, that the *Pater noster*, which was woont to fill a sheete of paper, is written in the compasse of a pennie: whereupon one merelie affirmed, that prouerb to be deriued, *No pennie, no pater noster*; which their nice curtalling, puts me in mind of the custome of the *Scythians*, who if they be at any time distressed with famin, take in their girdles shorter, & swaddle themselues streighter, to the intent no *vacuum* beeing left in their intrayles, hunger

hunger ſhould not ſo much tirannize ouer their ſtomacks; euen ſo theſe men oppreſt with a greater penurie of Art, do pound their capacitie in barren Compendiums, and bound their baſe humors, in the beggerly ſtraites of a hungry Analyſis, leaſt longing after that *infinitum* which the pouertie of their conceit cannot compaſſe, they ſooner yeeld vp their youth to deſtinie, than their heart to vnderſtanding. How is it then, ſuch bungling practitioners in principles, ſhould euer profite the Common wealth by their negligent paines, who haue no more cunning in Logique or Dialogue Latine, than appertains to the literall conſtruction of either; neuertheleſſe it is daily apparant to our domeſticall eyes, that there is none ſo forward to publiſh their imperfections, either in the trade of gloſe or tranſlations, as thoſe that are more vnlearned than ignorance, and leſſe conceiuing than infants. Yet dare I not impute abſurditie to all of that ſocietie, though ſome of them haue ſet their names to their ſimplicitie. Who euer my priuate opinion condemneth as faultie, Maſter *Gaſcoigne* is not to bee abridged of his deſerued eſteeme, who firſt beate the path to that perfection which our beſt Poets haue aſpired too ſince his departure; whereto he did aſcend by comparing the Italian with the Engliſh, as *Tullie* did *Græca cum Latinis*. Neither was Maſter *Turbenile* the worſt of his time, although in tranſlating he attributed too much to the neceſsitie of rime. And in this page of praiſe, I cannot omit aged *Arthur Golding*, for his induſtrious toile in Engliſhing *Ouids Metamorphoſis*, beſides manie other exquiſite editions of Diuinitie, turned by him out of the French tongue into our own. Maſter *Phaer* likewiſe is not to be forgot in regard of his famous *Virgil*, whoſe heauēly verſe had it not bin blemiſht by his hautie thoghts *England* might haue long inſulted in his wit, and *corrigat qui poteſt* haue been ſubſcribed to his workes. But fortune the Miſtres of change with a pitying compaſsion, reſpecting Maſter *Stanihurſts* praiſe, would that *Phaer* ſhoulde fall that hee might riſe, whoſe heroicall Poetrie inſired, I

ſhould

ſhould ſay inſpired, with an hexameter furie, recalled to life, what euer huſled barbariſme, hath bin buried this hundred yeare; and reuiued by his ragged quill, ſuch carterlie varietie, as no hodge plowman in a countrie, but would haue held as the extremitie of clownerie; a patterne whereof, I will propounde to your iudgements, as neere as I can, being parte of one of his deſcriptions of a tempeſt, which is thus

Then did he make, heauens Vault to rebounde, with rounce robble hobble
Of ruffe raffe roaring, with thwick thwack thurlery bouncing

Which ſtrange language of the firmament neuer ſubiect before to our common phraſe, makes vs that are not vſed to terminate heauens mouemgs, in the accents of any voice, eſteeme of their triobuiare interpreter, as of ſome Thraſonical huffe ſnuffe, for ſo terrible was his ſtile, to all milde eares, as would haue affrighted our peaceable Poets, from intermedling hereafter, with that quarrelling kinde of verſe; had not ſweete Maſter *France* by his excellent tranſlation of Maſter *Thomas Watſons* fugred *Amintas*, animated their dulled ſpirits, to ſuch high witted endeuors But I knowe not how, their ouer timerous cowardiſe, hath ſtoode in awe of enuie, that no man ſince him, durſt imitate any of the worſte, of thoſe Romane wonders in engliſh, which makes me thinke, that either the louers of mediocritie, are verie many, or that the number of good Poets, are very ſmall: and in trueth, (Maſter *Watſon* except, whom I mentioned before) I knowe not almoſt any of late dayes that hath ſhewed himſelfe ſingular in any ſpeciall Latine Poëm, whoſe *Amintas*, and tranſlated *Antigone* may march in equipage of honour, with any of our ancient Poets. I will not ſay but wee had a *Haddon* whoſe pen would haue challenged the Lawrell from *Homer*, together with *Carre*, that came as nere him, as *Virgil* to *Theocritus*. But *Tho. Newton* with his *Leyland*, and *Gabriell Harvey*, with two or three other, is almoſt all the ſtore, that is left vs at this hower. Epitaphers, and poſition Poets haue wee more than a good ma-

To the Gentlemen

ny, that ſwarme like Crowes to a dead carcas, but flie like Swallows in the VVinter, from any continuate ſubiect of witte. The efficient whereof, I imagine to iſſue, from the vpſtart diſcipline, of our reformatorie Churchmen, who account wit vanitie, and poetrie impietie; whoſe error, although the neceſsitie of Philoſophie might confute, which lies couched moſt cloſely vnder darke fables profunditie, yet I had rather referre it, as a diſputatiue plea to diuines, than ſet it downe as a determinate poſition, in my vnexperienſt opinion. But how euer their diſſentious iudgements, ſhould decree in their afternoone ſeſsions of *an ſit*, the priuat trueth, of my diſcouered Creede in this controuerſie is this, that as that beaſt, was thought ſcarce worthie to bee ſacrifiſed, to the Ægiptian *Epaphus*, who had not ſome or other blacke ſpotte on his ſkinne: ſo I deeme him farre vnworthie of the name of a ſcholler, & ſo conſequentlie, to ſacrifice his endeuors to art, that is not a Poet, either in whole or in a parte and here peraduenture, ſome deſperate quipper, will canuaze my propoſed compariſon *plus vltra*, reconciling the alluſion of the blacke ſpot, to the blacke pot; which makes our Poets vndermeale Muſes ſo mutinous, as euerie ſtanzo they pen after dinner, is full poynted with a ſtabbe. Which their dagger drunkenneſſe, although it might be excuſed, with *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*, yet will I couer it as well as I may, with that prouerbiall *fœcundi calices*, that might wel haue been doore keeper, to the kanne of *Silenus*, when nodding on his Aſſe trapt with iuie, hee made his moiſtnoſecloth, the pauſing intermedium, twixt euerie nappe. Let frugale ſcholares, and fine fingerd nouices, take their drinke by the ownce, and their wine by the halpeworthes, but it is for a Poet, to examine the pottle pottes, and gage the bottome of whole gallons; *qui bene vult ωοιειν, debet ante πινειν.* A pot of blew burning ale, with a fierie flaming toſt, is as good as *Pallas* with the nine Muſes on *Pernaſſus* top: without the which, in vaine may they crie; ô thou my muſe inſpire mee with ſome pen, when they want cer-

taine liquid ſacrifice, to rouze her foorth her denne. Pardon me Gentlemen, though ſomewhat merely I glaunce, at their imoderate follie, who affirme that no man can write with conceit, except he take counſell of the cup: nor would I haue you thinke, that *Theonino dente*, I arme my ſtile againſt all, ſince I doo knowe the moderation of many Gentlemen of that ſtudie, to be ſo farre from infamie, as their verſe from equalitie: whoſe ſufficiencie, were it as well ſeene into, by thoſe of higher place, as it wanders abroade vnrewarded, in the mouthes of vngratefull monſters, no doubte but the remembrance, of *Mœcenas* liberalitie, extended to *Maro*, and men of like qualitie, would haue lefte no memorie to that prouerb of pouertie, *Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.* Tut ſaies our English Italians, the fineſt witts our Climate ſends foorth, are but drie braind doltes, in compariſon of other countries: whome if you interrupt with *redde rationem*, they will tell you of *Petrache*, *Taſſo*, *Celiano*, with an infinite number of others; to whome if I ſhould oppoſe *Chaucer*, *Lidgate*, *Gower*, with ſuch like, that liued vnder the tirranie of ignorance, I do think their beſt louers, would bee much diſcontented, with the collation of contraries, if I ſhould write ouer al their heads, Haile fellow well met. One thing I am ſure of, that each of theſe three, haue vaunted their meeters, with as much admiration in Engliſh, as euer the proudeſt *Arioſto*, did his verſe in Italian. What ſhould I come to our court, where the otherwhile vacations of our grauer Nobilitie, are prodigall of more pompous wit, and choyce of words, than euer tragick *Taſſo* could attaine too: but as for paſtorall Poëmes, I will not make the compariſon, leaſt our countrimens credit ſhould bee diſcountenanſt by the contention, who although they cannot fare, with ſuch inferior facilitie, yet I knowe would carrie the bucklers full eaſilie, from all forreine brauers, if their *ſubiectum circa quod*, ſhould ſauor of any thing haughtie: and ſhould the challenge of deepe conceit, be intruded by any forreiner, to bring our engliſh witts, to the tuteſthone

To the Gentlemen.

of Arte, I would preferre, diuine Maſter *Spencer*, the miracle of wit to bandie line for line for my life, in the honor of *England*, gainſt *Spaine*, *France*, *Italie*, and all the worlde. Neither is he, the only ſwallow of our ſummer, (although *Apollo*, if his *Tripos* were vp again would pronounce him his *Socrates*) but he being forborne, there are extant about *London*, many moſt able men, to reuiue Poetrie, though it were executed ten thouſand times, as in *Platos*, ſo in Puritanes common wealth; as for example *Mathew Roydon*, *Thomas Atchelow* and *George Peele*, the firſt of whome, as hee hath ſhewed himſelfe ſingular, in the immortall Epitaph of his beloued *Aſtrophel*, beſides many other moſt abſolute comicke inuentions (made more publique by euerie mans praiſe, than they can bee by my ſpeache) ſo the ſecond, hath more than once or twiſe manifeſted, his deepe witted chollerſhip in places of credit; & for the laſt, thogh not the leaſt of them all, I dare commend him to all that know him, as the chiefe ſupporter of pleaſance nowe liuing, the *Atlas* of Poetrie, & *primus verborum Artifex*: whoſe firſt encreaſe, the Arraignement of *Paris*, might plead to your opinions, his pregnant dexteritie of wit, and manifold varietie of inuention; wherein (*me iudice*) hee goeth a ſtep beyond all that write. Sundrie other ſweete Gentlemen I know, that haue vaunted their pens in priuate deuices, and triekt vp a companie of taffata fooles with their feathers, whoſe beautie if our Poets had not peecte with the ſupply of their periwigs, they might haue antickt it vntill this time vp and downe the countrey with the King of *Fairies*, and dinde euerie daie at the peaſe porredge ordinarie with *Delphrigus*. But *Toloſſa* hath forgot that it was ſometime ſackt, and beggers that euer they caried their fardles on footback: and in truth no meruaile, when as the deſerued reputation of one *Roſcius*, is of force to inrich a rabble of counterfets; yet let ſubiects for all their inſolence, dedicate a *De profundis* euerie morning to the preſeruation of their *Ceſar*, leaſt their encreaſing [illegible]gnities returne them ere long to their iuggling to

mediocritie, and they bewaile in weeping blankes, the wane of their Monarchie.

As Poetrie hath beene honoured in those her fore-named professors, so it hath not beene any whit dispa aged by *William Warners* abs lute *Albions*. And heere Authoritie hath made a full point: in whose reuerence insisting, I cease to expose to your sport the picture of those Pamphleters, and Poets, that make a patrimonie of *Inspeech*, and more then a younger brothers inheritance of their *Abcie*. Reade fauourably, to incourage me in the firstlings of my folly, and perswade your selues, I will persecute those Idiots and their heires vnto the third generation, that haue made Art bankerout of her ornaments, and sent Poetry a begging vp and downe the Countrey. It may be, my *Anatomie* of *Absurdities* may acquaint you ere long with my skill in Surgerie, wherein the diseases of Arte more merrily discouered, may make our maimed Poets put together their blankes vnto the building of an Hospitall.

If you chance to meet it in *Paules*, shaped in a new sute of similitudes, as if like the eloquent Apprentice of *Plutarch*, it were propped at seuen yeeres end in double apparell, thinke his Master hath fulfilled couenants, and onely cancelled the Indentures of dutie. If I please, I will thinke my ignorance indebted vnto you that applaud it: if not, what rests, but that I be excluded from your courtesie, like *Apocrypha* from your Bibles?

How euer, yours euer:

Thomas Nash.

A3 recto (verso blank)

The reports of the Shepheards.

AFter that the wrath of mightie Ioue, had wrapt Arcadia with noysome pestilence, in so much that the ayre yeelding preiudiciall sauors, seemd to be peremptory in some fatall resolution. Democles soueraigne and King of that famous Continent pitying the sinister accidents of his people, being a man as iust in his censures as royall in his possessions, as carefull for the weale of his country, as the continuance of his diadem, thinking that vnpeopled Cities were Cozasiues to Princes consciences, that the strength of his subiects was the sinnews of his dominions, and that euery crowne, must conteyne a care, not onely to winne honour by forrayne conquests, but in maintaining dignitie with ciuill and domesticall insights: Democles grounding his arguments vpon these premisses, couceting to be counted *Pater Patriæ*, calling a Parliament together, whether all his Nobilitie incited by summons made their repaire, elected two of his chiefe Lordes to passe vnto Delphos, at Apollos Oracle to heare the fatall sentence, either of their future miserie or present remedie. They hauing their charge, posting from Arcadia to the Tripos where Pithia sate, the sacred Nymph that deliuered out Apollos *Dylonimas*, offering as their manner is their orizons & presents, as wel to intreate by deuotion, as to perswade by bountie, they had returned from Apollo this doome.

When Neptune *riding on the Southerne seas*
shall from the bosome of his Lemman yeeld
*Th'*arcadian *wonder, men and Gods to please:*
Plentie in pride shall march amidst the field,
Dead men shall warre, and vnborne babes shall frowne,
And with their fawchens hew their foemen downe.

When Lambes haue Lions for their ſureſt guide,
*and Planets reſt vpon th'*arcadian *hills:*
When ſwelling ſeas haue neither ebbe nor tide,
When equall bankes the Ocean margine fills.
Then looke Arcadians *for a happie time,*
And ſweete content within your troubled Clyme.

No ſooner had Pithia deliuered this ſcroll to the Lordes of Arcadie, but they departed and brought it to Democles, who cauſing the oracle to be read amongſt his diſtreſſed commons, found the Delphian cenſure more full of doubts to amaze, than fraught with hope to comfort; thinking rather that the angrie God ſent a peremptorie preſage of ruine, thã a probable ambiguitie to applaud any hope of remedie: yet loath to haue his carefull ſubiects fall into the baleſull labo-rinth of deſpaire, Democles began to diſcourſe vnto them, that the interpreters of Apollos ſecretes, were not the con-ceipts of humane reaſon, but the ſucceſſe of long expected e-uents; that Comets did portend at the firſt blaze, but toke effect in the dated boſome of the deſtinies; that oracles were foretold at the Delphian Caue, but were ſhapte out and fi-niſhed in the Counſell houſe. With ſuch perſwaſiue argu-ments Democles appeaſed the diſtreſſed thoughtes of his doubtful countrimen, and commanded by proclamation that no man ſhould prie into the quiddities of Apollos anſwere, leaſt ſundrie cenſures of his diuine ſecrecie, ſhoulde trouble Arcadia with ſome ſodaine mutinie. The King thus ſmo-thing the heate of his cares, reſted a melancholy man in his Courts; hiding vnder his head the double faced figure of Ia-nus, as well to cleare the ſkies of other mens conceiptes with ſmiles, as to furniſh out his owne diſps with thoughts. But as other beaſts leuell their lookes at the countenance of the Lion, and birdes make wing as the Eagle flyes: ſo *Re-gis ad arbitrium totus componitur orbis:* the people were mea-ſured by the minde of the ſouereigne, and what ſtormes ſoe-uer they ſmothed in priuate conceipt, yet they made haye,

and

and cried holiday in outward appearance: insomuch that euerie man repaired to his owne home, and fell either vnto pleasures or labours, as their liuing or content allowed them.

Whiles thus Arcadia rested in a silent quiet, Menaphon the Kings Shepheard, a man of high account among the Swaines of Arcadie, loued of the Nymphes, as the paragon of all their countrey youngsters, walking solitarie downe to the shore, to see if any of his ewes and lambes were straggled downe to the strond to browse on sea iuie, wherfore they take speciall delight to feede; he found his flockes grazing vpon the Promontorie Mountaines hardlie: whereon resting himselfe on a hill that ouer-peered the great Mediterraneum, noting how Phœbus fetched his *Laualtos* on the purple Plaines of Neptunus, as if he had meant to haue courted Thetis in the royaltie of his roabes: the Dolphines (the sweete conceipters of Musicke) fetcht their carrèrs on the calmed waues, as if Arion had touched the stringes of his siluer sounding instrument: the Mermaides thrusting their heades from the bosome of Amphitrite, sate on the mounting bankes of Neptune, drying their waterie tresses in the Sunne beames. Æolus forbare to throwe abroad his gustes on the slumbering browes of the Sea-God, as giuing Triton leaue to pleasure his Queene with desired melodie, and Proteus libertie to followe his flockes without disquiet.

Menaphon looking ouer the champion of Arcadie to see if the Continent were as full of smiles, as the seas were of fauours, sawe the shrubbes as in a dreame with delightfull harmonie, and the birdes that chaunted on their braunches not disturbed with the least breath of a fauourable Zephirus. Seeing thus the accord of the Land and Sea, casting a fresh gaze on the water Nimphs, he began to consider how Venus was feigned by the Poets to spring of the froathe of the Seas; which draue him straight into a deepe coniecture of the inconstancie of Loue: that as if Luna were his

load-starre, had euerie minute ebbes and tides, sometime ouerflowing the banks of Fortune with a gracious look lightened from the eyes of a fauorable louer, otherwhiles ebbing to the dangerous shelfe of despaire, with the piercing frowne of a froward Mistresse. Menaphon in this browne studie, calling to minde certaine Aphorismes that Auarreon had pend downe as principles of loues follies, being as dæpe an enemie to fancie, as Narcissus was to affection, began thus to scoffe at Venus Deitie.

Menaphon thy mindes fauours, are greater than thy wealths fortunes, thy thoughtes higher than thy birth, & thy priuate conceipt better than thy publique estæme. Thou art a shepheard Menaphon, who in fæding of thy flockes findest out natures secrecie, and in preuenting thy lambes preiudice conceipteſt the Astronomicall motions of the heauens: holding thy sheep-walkes to yeeld as great Philosophie, as the Ancients discourse in their learned Academies. Thou counteſt labour as the Indians do their Chrisocolla wherwith they trie euerie mettall, and thou examine euerie action. Content sitteth in thy minde as Neptune in his Seathrone, who with his trident mace appeaseth euerie storme. When thou seeſt the heauens frowne thou thinkeſt on thy faults, and a cleere skie putteth thee in minde of grace: the summers glorie tels thæ of youths vanitie, the winters parched leaues of ages declining weaknes. Thus in a mirrour thou measureſt thy dædes with equall and considerate motions, and by being a shepheard findeſt that which Kings wãt in their royalties. Enuie ouerlooketh thee, renting with the windes the Pine trees of Ida, when the Affrick shrubs waue not a leafe with the tempeſtes. Thine eyes are vaylde with content that thou canſt not gaze so high as ambition: & for loue, and with that in naming of loue, the shepheard fell into a great laughter. Loue Menaphon, why of all follies that euer Poets fained, or men euer faulted with, this foolish imagination of loue is the greateſt: Venus forsooth for her wanton eſcapes muſt be a Goddeſſe, & her baſtard a Deitie: Cupide

pide muſt be yong and euer a boy to prooue that loue is fond and witleſſe, wings to make him inconſtant, and arrowes whereby to ſhew him feareful: blinde (or all were not worth a pinne) to prowe that Cupides leuell is both without aime and reaſon: thus is the God, and ſuch are his Votaries. As ſoone as our ſhepheards of Arcadie fettle themſelues to fancie, and weare the characters of Venus ſtampte in their foreheads, ſtraight their attire muſt bee quaint, their lookes full of amours, as their Gods quiuer is full of arrowes; their eyes holding ſmiles and teares, to leape out at their Miſtres fauours or her frownes: ſighes muſt flie as figures of their thoughts, and euerie wrinckle muſt be tempred with a paſſion: thus ſuted in outward proportion, and made excellent in inward conſtitution, they ſtraight repaire to take viewe of their Miſtres beautie. She as one obſeruant vnto Venus principles, firſt tieth loue in her treſſes, and wraps affection in the tramels of her haire; ſnaring our ſwains in her locks as Mars in the net, holding in her forhead Fortunes Calender, either to aſſigne diſmal influence, or ſome fauourable aſpect. If a wrinckle appeare in her brow, then our ſhepheard muſt put on his working day face, & frame nought but dolefull Madrigalls of ſorrowe; if a dimple grace her cheeke, the heauens cannot prooue fatal to our kinde hearted louers; if ſhe ſéeme coy, then poemes of death mounted vppon déepe drawne ſighes, flie from their maſter to ſue for ſome fauour, alledging how death at the leaſt may date his miſerie: to be briefe, as vppon the ſhoares of Lapanthe the winds continue neuer one day in one quarter, ſo the thoughtes of a louer neuer continue ſcarce a minute in one paſſion; but as Fortunes globe, ſo is fancies ſeate variable and inconſtant. If louers ſorrowes then be like Siſiphus turmoyles, & their fauours like honnie bought with gall; let poore Menaphon then liue at labour, and make eſtéeme of Venus as of Mars his concubine; and as the Cimbrians hold their idols in account but in euerie tempeſt, ſo make Cupide a God, but whē thou art ouer-pained with paſſions, and that Menaphon wil

neuer loue, for as long as thou temperest thy handes with labours, thou canst not fetter thy thoughts with loues. And in this Satyricall humor smiling at his owne conceipts, hee tooke his pipe in his hand, and betweene euerie report of his instrument sung a stanzo to this effect.

Menaphons Song.

Some say Loue
Foolish Loue
Doth rule and gouerne all the Gods,
I say Loue,
Inconstant Loue
Sets mens senses farre at ods.
Some sweare Loue
Smooth'd face Loue
Is sweetest sweete that men can haue:
I say Loue,
Sower Loue
Makes vertue yeeld as beauties slaue.
A bitter sweete, a follie worst of all
That forceth wisedome to be follies thrall.
Loue is sweete.
Wherein sweete?
In fading pleasures that doo paine.
Beautie sweete.
Is that sweete
That yeeldeth sorrow for a gaine?
If Loues sweete,
Heerein sweete
That minutes ioyes are monthlie woes.
Tis not sweete,
That is sweete
Nowhere, but where repentance growes.
Then loue who list if beautie be so sower:
Labour for me, Loue rest in Princes bower.

Mena-

Menaphon hauing ended his roundelay, rising vp, thinking to passe from the mountaine downe to the valley, casting his eye to the sea side, espied certain fragments of a broken ship floating vpon the waues, and sundrie persons driuen vpon the shore with a calme, walking all wet and weary vpon the sands, wondring at this strange sight he stood amazed; yet desirous to see the euent of this accident, he shrowded himselfe to rest vnespied til he might perceiue what would happen: at last he might descrie it was a woman holding a childe in her armes, and an olde man directing her as it were her guide. These three (as distressed wrackes) preserued by some further forepoynting fate, coueted to clime the mountaine, the better to vse the fauor of the Sunne, to drie their drenched apparaile; at last crawled vp where poore Menaphon lay close, and resting them vnder a bush, the old man did nothing but sende out sighes, and the woman ceased not from streaming foorth riuolets of teares, that hung on her cheekes like the droppes of pearled deaw vppon the riches of Flora. The poore babe was the touch-stone of his mothers passions; for when he smiled and lay laughing in his lappe, were her heart neuer so deeply ouercharged with her present sorrowes; yet kissing the pretie infant, shee lightened out smiles from those cheekes, that were furrowed with continual sources of teares: but if he cried, then sighes as smokes, and sobbes as thundercracks, forceranne those showers, that with redoubled distresse distilled from her eyes: thus with pretie inconstant passions trimming vp her babie, and at last to lull him a sleepe, she warbled out of her wofull breast this dittie.

Sephestias song to her childe.

Weepe not my wanton, smile vpon my knee,
When thou art olde ther's griefe inough for thee.
Mothers wagge, pretie boy,
Fathers sorrow, fathers ioy.

When

When thy father ſirſt did ſee
Such a boy by him and mee,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune changde made him ſo,
When he left his pretie boy,
Laſt his ſorowe, firſt his ioy.
Weepe not my wanton, ſmile vpon my knee:
When thou art olde ther's griefe inough for thee.

Streaming teares that neuer ſtint,
Like pearle drops from a flint,
Fell by courſe from his eyes,
That one anothers place ſupplies:
Thus he grieud in euerie part,
Teares of bloud fell from his hart,
When he left his pretie boy,
Fathers ſorrow, fathers ioy.
Weepe not my wanton, ſmile vpon my knee:
When thou art olde ther's griefe inough for thee.

The wanton ſmilde, father wept;
Mother cride, babie lept:
More he crowde, more we cride;
Nature couldnot ſorowe hide.
He muſt goe, he muſt kiſſe
Childe and mother, babie bliſſe:
For he left his pretie boy,
Fathers ſorowe, fathers ioy.
Weepe not my wanton, ſmile vpon my knee:
When thou art olde ther's griefe inough for thee.

With this lullaby the babie fell a ſléepe, and Sepheſtia laying it vpon the grœne graſſe couered it with a mantle, & then leaning her head on her hand, and her elbow on her lap ſhe fell a freſh to poure forth abundaunce of plaintes, which Lamedon the old man eſpying, although in his face appeared the mappe of diſcontent, and in euerie wrinckle was a catalogue of woes; yet to chéere vp Sepheſtia, ſhowing his

his inward sorrow with an outward smile, he began to comfort her in this manner.

Sephestia, thou seest no Phisick preuailes against the gaze of the Basiliskes, no charme against the sting of the Tarantula, no preuention to diuert the decree of the Fates, nor no meanes to recall backe the balefull hurt of Fortune: Incurable sores are without Auicens Aphorismes, and therefore no salue for them but patience. Then my Sephestia sith thy fal is high, and fortune low; thy sorrowes great, and thy hope little: seeing me partaker of thy miseries, set all thy rest vpon this, *Solamen miseris, socios habuisse doloris.* Chaunce is like Ianus double faced, as well full of smiles to comfort, as of frownes to dismay: the Ocean at his deadest ebbe returns to a full tide; when the Eagle meanes to soare highest, hee raiseth his flight in the lowest dales: so fareth it with fortune who in her highest extreames is most vnconstant: when the tempest of her wrath is most fearfull, then looke for a calme; when she beates thee with nettle, then thinke she will strewe thee with roses; when shee is most familiar with furies, her intent is to be most prodigall Sephestia. Thus are the arrowes of Fortune feathered with the plumes of the bird Halcione, that changeth colours with the Moone, which howsoeuer she shootes them pierce not so deepe but they may bee cured. But Sephestia thou art daughter to a King, exiled by him from the hope of a crowne, banisht from the pleasures of the Court to the painfull fortunes of the countrey, parted for loue from him thou canst not but loue, from Maximus Sephestia, who for thee hath suffered so many disfauours, as either discontent or death can afford. What of all this, is not hope the daughter of time? Haue not starres their fauourable aspects, as they haue froward opposition? Is there not a Iupiter as there is a Saturne? Cannot the influence of smiling Venus, stretch as farre as the frowning constitution of Mars? I tell thee Sephestia, Iuno holdeth in her hows the volumes of the Destinies; whom melancholie Saturne deposeth from a Crowne, she mildie aduanceth to a Diadem;

then feare not, for if the mother liue in miserie, yet hath she a scepter for the sonne: let the vnkindnesse of thy father be buried in the cinders of obedience, and the want of Maximus be supplied with the presence of his pretie babe, who beeing too young for Fortune, lies smiling on thy knee and laughs at Fortune: learne by him Sephestia to vse patience, which is like the balme in the Vale of Iehosaphat, that findeth no wound so deepe, but it cureth: thou seest already Fortune begins to change her hiew, for after the great storme that rent our shippe, we found a calme that brought vs safe to shore: the mercie of Neptune was more than the enuie of Æolus, and the discurtesie of thy father is proportioned with the fauour of the Gods. Thus Sephestia being copartner of thy miserie, yet do I seeke to allay thy martyrdome: beeing sicke to my selfe, yet do I play the Phisition to thee, wishing thou maist beare thy sorrowes with as much content, as I brooke my misfortunes with patience. As hee was readie to goe forwarde with his perswasiue argument, Sephestia fetching a deepe sigh, filling her tender eyes with teares, made this replie.

Sweete Lamedon, once partner of my royalties, now partaker of my wants, as constant in his extreame distresse, as faithfull in higher fortunes: the Turtle pearketh not on barren trees, Doues delight not in foule cottages, the Lyon frequents no putrified haunts, friends followe not after pouertie, nor hath sinister chance anie drugges from the Phisitians, *Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes:* and yet Lamedon the misfortune of Sephestia abridgeth not our olde contracted amitie, thou tempereſt her exyle with thy banishment, and the sayling to Styx, thou ferriest Iouer to Phlegeton: then Lamedon, saying as Andromache sayd to Hector *Tu Dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eris.* Thy aged yeres shalbe the calender of my fortunes, and thy gray haires the Paralells of mine actions. If Lamedon perswade Sephestia to content, Portia shall not exceede Sephestia in patience; if he will her to keepe a low sayle, she will vayle al her

sheete;

sheéte; if to forget her loues, shee will quench them with labours; if to accuse Venus as a foe, I wil hate Cupide as an enemie: and seeing the Destinies haue driuen thee from a crowne, I will rest satisfied with the Countrey, placing all my delights in honouring thee, & nursing vp my prietie wanton. I will imagine a small cotage to a spacious pallaice, & thinke as great quiet in a russet coate, as in royall habilliments: Sephestia Lamedon will not scorne with Iuno to turne hir self into the shape of Semeles nurse, but vnknowne rest careless of my fortunes: the hope of times returne shal be the ende of my thoughts, the smiles of my sonne shall bee the nourishment of my hart, and the course of his youth shall be the comfort of my peres; euerie laughter that leapes from his lookes, shall be the holiday of my conceiptes, and euerie teare, shal furnish out my greeues, and his fathers funerals. I haue heard them say Lamedon, that the lowest shrubbes feele the least tempests, that in the valleis of Affrica is heard no thunder, that in countrey roomes is greatest rest, and in little wealth the least disquiet: dignitie treadeth vpon glasse, and honour is like to the hearbe Synara, that when it bloometh most gorgeous, then it blasteth: *Aulica vita splendida miseria*, Courts haue golden dreames, but cotages sweet slumbres: then Lamedon will I disguise my self, with my cloathes I will change my thoughts; for being poorelie attired I will be meanelie minded, and measure my actions by my present estate, not by former fortunes. In saying this the babe awakte and cride, and she fell to teares mixed with a lullabie.

All this while Menaphon sate amongst the shrubs fixing his eyes on the glorious obiect of her face, hee noted her tresses, which hee compared to the coloured Hiacinth of Arcadia, her browes to the mountaine snowes that lie on the hils, her eyes to the gray glister of Titans gorgeous mantle, her alabaster necke to the whiteneſſe of his flockes, her teates to pearle, her face to borders of Lillies interseamed with Roses: to be briefe our shepheard Menaphon that heeretofore

was an Atheist to loue, and as the Thessalian of Bacchus, so hee a contemner of Venus, was nowe by the wylie shaft of Cupid so intangled in the perfection & beauteous excellence of Sephestia; as now he swore no benigne Planet but Venus, no God but Cupide, no exquisite deitie but Loue. Being thus fettered with the pliant perswasions of fancie, impatient in his newe affections, as the horse that neuer before felt the spurre, he could not bridle his new cõceaued amors, but watching when they shoulde depart, perceiuing by the gestures of the olde man, and the teares of the Gentlewoman, that they were distrest, thought to offer anie helpe that laie within the compasse of his abilitie. As thus he mused in his new passions, Lamedon and Sephestia rose vp, and resolued to take their course which way the winde blew: passing so downe the mountaine to goe seeke out some towne, at last they pacing softlie on, Lamedon espied Menaphon: desirous therefore to know the course of the countrey, hee saluted him thus.

Shepheard, for so farre thy attire warrants me; courteous, for so much thy countenance imports: if distressed persons whom Fortune hath wronged, and the seas haue fauored, (if we may count it fauour to liue and want) may without offence craue so farre ayde as to know some place where to rest our wearie and weather-beaten bones, our charges shall be paid, and you haue for recompence such thankes as Fortunes outlawes may yeeld to their fauourers. Menaphon hearing him speak so grauelie, but not fiting his eare to his eye, stood staring still on Sephestias face, which shee perceiuing, flashed out such a blush frõ her alablaster cheeks that they looke like the ruddie gates of the Morning: this sweete bashfulnesse amazing Menaphon, at last hee began thus to answere.

Strangers, your degree I know not, therefore pardon if I giue lesse title thã your estates merit: Fortunes frownes are Princes fortunes, and Kings are subiect to chance & destinie. Pitty is to be saluted with pitie, not scorne: and we

that

that are Fortunes darlings, are bounde to relieue them that are distrest: therefore follow me, and you shal haue such succour, as a shepheard may affoord. Lamedon and Sephestia were passing glad, and Menaphon led the way, not content onelie to feed his sight with the beautie of his new Mistres, but thought also to inferre some occasion of parley, to heare whether her voyce were as melodious, as her face beautiful, hee therefore prosecuted his prattle thus. Gentlewoman, when first I saw you sitting vpon the Arcadian Promontorie with your babie on your lappe, & this olde father by; I thought I had seene Venus with Cupide on her knee courted by Anchises of Troy: the excellence of your looks could discouer no lesse than Mars his paramour, and the beautie of the childe as much as the dignitie of her wanton: at last perceiuing by your teares and your childs shrikes, that ye were passengers distrest, I lent you sighes to partake your sorrowes, and luke warme drops to signifie how I pitie ouercharged persons, in lieu whereof let mee craue your name, countrey, and parentage. Sephestia seeing by the shepheards passionate lookes, that the swaine was halfe in loue, replyed thus; Curteous shepheard, if my blubbered cheekes did look like Venus at a blush, it was when the wofull Goddesse wept for her faire Adonis, my hope is no Cupide but the sonne of care, Fortunes fondling in his youth, to bee I hope her darling in his age: in that your lookes saw our griefe, & your thoughts pitied our woes, our tõgues shal giue thanks (the bountie of sorrowes tenants) and our hearts praye that the Gods may be as friendly to your flockes, as you fauourable to vs. My name is Samela, my countrey Cipres, my parentage meane, the wife of a poore Gentleman nowe deceased: how we arriued héere by shipwrack, gentle shepheard inquire not, least it be tedious for thee to heare it, and a double griefe for mee to rehearse it. The shepheard not daring displease his Mistres, as hauing loues threates hanging on her lippes, he conueighed them home to his house: as soone as they were arriued there, he began at the doze to entertain

them thus. Faire Mistres the flower of all our Nymphes that liue héere in Arcadia, this is my cotage wherein I liue content, and your lodging, where (please it you) ye may rest quiet. I haue not rich cloathes of Ægypt to couer the walls, nor stoze of plate to discouer anie wealth; for shepheards vse neither to be proud nor couetous: you shall find héere cheese and milke for daintics, and woll for cloathing; in euerie corner of the house Content sitting smiling, and tempering euerie homelie thing with a welcome: this if ye can brooke & accept of, (as Gods allow the meanest hospitalitie) ye shall haue such welcome and fare as Philemon and Baucis gaue to Iupiter. Sephestia thankt him heartelie, and going into his house found what he promist: after that they had sate a little by the fire and were well warmed, they went to supper, where Sephestia fedde well, as one whom the sea had made hungrie, and Lamedon so plide his teeth, that all supper he spake not one word: after they had taken their repast, Menaphon seeing they were wearie, and that sleepe chimed on to rest, he let them see their lodging, and so gaue them the good night. Lamedon on his flocke bedde, and Sephestia on her countrey couch were so wearie, that they slept well: but Menaphon, poore Menaphon neither asked his swaynes for his sheepe, nor tooke his mole-spade on his necke to see his pastures; but as a man pained with a thousand passions, drenched in distresse, and ouerwhelmed with a multitude of vncouth cares, he sate like the pictures that Perseus tourned with his Gorgons head into stones. His sister Carmela kept his house, (for so was the Countrey wench called) and shee seeing her brother sit so malcontented, stept to her cupboorde and fetcht a little beaten spice in an olde bladder, she sparde no euening milke, but went amongst the cream bowles, and made him a posset. But alas, Loue had so lockt vp the shepheards stomacke, that none would down with Menaphon: Carmela séeing her brother refuse his spicte drinke, thought all was not well, and therefore sate downe and wept; to be short, she blubbered and he sighed, and his men that came in

and

and ſawe their maſter with a kercher on his head mournde; ſo that amongſt theſe ſwaines there was ſuch melodie, that Menaphon tooke his bow and arrowes and went to bedde: where caſting himſelfe, he thought to haue beguiled his paſſions with ſome ſwéete ſlumbers. But Loue that ſmiled at his newe interteined champion, ſitting on his beddes head, pricke him forward with new deſires; charging Morpheus, Phobetor, and Icolon the Gods of ſleepe, to preſent vnto his cloſed eies the ſingular beautie and rare perfections of Samela: (for ſo will we now call her) in that the Idea of her excellence, forſt him to breath out ſcalding ſighes ſmothered within the fornace of his thoughts, which grew into this or the like paſſion.

I had thought Menaphon, that he which weareth the bay leafe had béen free from lightening, and the Eagles penne a preſeruatiue againſt thunder; that labour had been enemie to loue, and the eſchewing of idleneſſe an Antidote againſt fancie: but I ſee by proofe there is no adamant ſo harde, but the blood of a Goate will make ſoft; no fort ſo wel defenced, but ſtrong batterie will enter; nor ante hart ſo pliant to reſtleſſe labours, but inchantments of loue will ouercome. Vnfortunate Menaphon, that a late thoughteſt Venus a ſtrumpet and her ſonne a baſtard, now muſt thou offer incenſe at her ſhrine, and ſweare Cupide no leſſe than a God: thou haſt reaſon Menaphon; for hee that liues without loue, liues without life; preſuming as Narciſſus to hate all, and beeing like him at length deſpiſed of all. Can there bee a ſweeter bliſſe than beautie, a greater heauen than her heauenly perfections that is miſtres of thy thoughts? If the ſparkle of her eyes appeare in the night, the ſtarres bluſh at her brightneſſe: if her haire gliſter in the daye, Phœbus puts off his wreath of diamonds, as ouercome with the ſhine of her treſſes; if ſhe walke in the fields, Flora ſeeing her face, bids al her glorious flowers cloſe themſelues, as being by her beautie diſgraced; if her alabaſter necke appeere, then Hiems couereth his ſnowe, as ſurpaſſed in whiteneſſe. To be ſhorte

Menaphon,

Menaphon, if Samela had appeared in Ida, Iuno for maiestie, Pallas for wisedome, and Venus for beautie had let my Samela haue the supremacie: why shouldest thou not then loue, and thinke there is no life to loue, seeing the end of loue is the possession of such a heauenly Paragon? But what of this Menaphon, hast thou anie hope to enioy her person, she is a widdow, true, but too high for thy fortunes; she is in distresse, ah Menaphon, if thou hast anie sparke of comfort, this must set thy hope on fire. Want is the load stone of affection, distresse forceth deeper than Fortunes frownes, and such as are poore will rather loue than want relefe, fortunes frownes are whetstones to fancie: and as the horse starteth at the spurre, so loue is prickt forward with distresse. Samela is shipwrackt, Menaphon relieues her; she wants, he supplies with wealth; he sues for loue, either must she grant, or buy denial with perpetuall repentance. In this hope rested the poore shepheard, and with that Menaphon laide head downe the pillow and toke a sounnd nappe, sleeping out fancie, with a good slumber.

As soone as the sunne appeared the shepheard got him vp, and fed fat with this hope, went merely with his men to the foldes, and there letting foorth his sheepe, after that hee had appointed where they should graze, returned home, and looking when his guests should rise, hauing supt il the last night went roundly to his breakfast: by that time he had ended his *desiune*, Lamedon was gotten vp, and so was Samela. Against their rising Carmela had showen her cookerie, & Menaphon tired in his russet iacket, his redde sleeues of chamlet, his blew bonnet, and his round slop of countrey cloth, bestirred him, as euerie ioynt had been set to a sundrie office. Samela no sooner came out of her chamber, but Menaphon as one that claimed pitie for his passions, bad her good morrow with a firme louers looke: Samela knowing the fowle by the feather, was able to cast his disease without his water, perceiued that Cupide had caught the poore shepheard in his net, and vnles he sought quickly to breake out of the snare

would

would make him a tame foole: faire lookes she gaue him, & with a smiling sorow discouered how she gricued at his misfortune, and yet fauoured him. Well, to breakfast they went Lamedon and Samela fed hard, but Menaphon like the Argiue in the Date gardens of Arabia, liued with the contemplation of his Mistres beautie: the Salamander liueth not without the fire, the Herring from the water, the Mole from the earth, nor the Cameleon from the aire, nor coulde Menaphon liue from the sight of his Samela; whose breath was perfumed aire, whose eyes were fire wherein he delighted to dallie, whose heart the earthlie Paradice wherein hee desired to ingraffe the essence of his loue and affection: thus did the poore Shepheard bathe in a kinde of blisse, whiles his eye feeding on his mistres face, did surfet with the excellencie of her perfection. So long he gazde, that at length breakfast was ended, and he desirous to doo her anie seruice, first put her childe to nurse, and then led her forth to see his folds; thinking with the sight of his flockes to inueigle her, whose minde had rather haue chosen anie misfortune, than haue deigned her eyes on the face and feature of so lowe a peasant. Well, abroad they went, Menaphon with his shéephooke fringed with cruell, to signifie he was chiefe of the swaynes, Lamedon and Samela after: plodding thus ouer the gréene fields, at last they came to the mountains where Menaphós flockes grazed, and there he discoursed vnto Samela thus; I tell thee faire Nymph, these Plaines that thou séest stretching Southward, are pastures belonging to Menaphon: there growes the cinkfoyle, and the hyacinth, the cowsloppe, the primrose, and the violet, which my flockes shall spare for flowers to make thee garlands, the milke of my ewes shall be meate for thy prettie wanton, the wool of the fat weathers that seemes as fine as the flæce that Iason fet from Colchos, shall serue to make Samela webbes withall; the mountaine tops shall be thy mornings walke, and the shadie valleies thy euenings arbour: as much as Menaphon owes shall be at Samelas command, if she like to liue with Menaphon. This

was ſpoken with ſuch déepe effects, that Samela could ſcarce kéepe her from ſmiling, yet ſhe couered her conceipt with a ſorrowful countenance, which Menaphon eſpying, to make her merrie, and rather for his own aduantage, ſeeing Lamedon was a ſléepe, tooke her by the hand and ſate downe, and pulling foorth his pipe, began after ſome melodie to carroll out this roundelay.

Menaphons roundelay.

When tender ewes brought home with euening Sunne
Wend to their foldes,
And to their holdes
The ſhepheards trudge when light of day is done.
Vpon a tree
The Eagle Ioues *faire bird did pearch,*
There reſteth hee.
A little flie his harbor then did ſearch,
And did preſume (though others laught thereat)
To pearch whereas the princelie Eagle ſat.

The Eagle frowned, and ſhooke her royall wings,
And chargde the Flie
From thence to hie:
Afraid in haſt the little creature flings,
Yet ſeekes againe
Fearfull to pearke him by the Eagles ſide.
With moodie vaine
The ſpeedie poſt of Ganimede *replide;*
Vaſſaile auaunt or with my wings you die,
Iſt fit an Eagle ſeate him with a Flie?

The Flie craude pitie, ſtill the Eagle frownde,
The ſillie Flie
Readie to die
Diſgracte, diſplacte, fell groueling to the ground.

The Eagle ſawe
And with a royall minde ſaid to the Flie,
Be not in awe,
I ſcorne by me the meaneſt creature die;
Then ſeate thee heere: the ioyfull Flie vp flings,
And ſate ſafe ſhadowed with the Eagles wings.

As ſoone as Menaphon had ended this roundelay, turning to Samela, after a countrey bluſh, he began to court her in this homely faſhion; What thinke you Samela of the Eagle for this royall deede? That he falſified the olde Prouerbe *Aquila non capit muſcas*. But I meane Samela are you not in opinion, that the Eagle giues inſtance of a princelie reſolution, in preferring the ſafetie of a Flie before the credit of her royall Maieſtie? I thinke Menaphon that high minds are the ſhelters of pouertie, and Kings ſeates are couerts for diſtreſſed perſons; that the Eagle in ſhrowding the Flie did well, but a little forgot her honour. But how thinke you Samela, is not this proportion to be obſerued in loue? I geſſe no, for the Flie did it not for loue, but for ſuccour. Hath loue then reſpect of circumſtance? Els it is not loue, but luſt; for where the parties haue no ſimpathie of Eſtates, there can no firme loue be fixed; diſcord is reputed the mother of diuiſion, and in nature this is an vnrefuted principle, that it falleth which faileth in vniformitie. He that graffeth Jillyflowers vpon the Nettle marreth the ſmell; who coueteth to tie the Lambe and the Lion in one tedder maketh a brawle; equall fortunes are loues fauourites, and therefore ſhoulde fancie bee alwayes limitted by Geometricall proportion; leaſt if young matching with olde, fire and froſt fall at a combate: and if rich with poore there happe manie daungerous and brauing obiections. Menaphon halfe nipte in the pate with this replie, yet like a tall ſouldier ſtode to his tackling, and made this aunſwere; Suppoſe gentle Samela, that a man of meane eſtate, whome diſdainefull Fortune had abaſed, intending to make hir power prodigall in his

misfortunes, being feathered with Cupides bolt, were snared in the beautie of a Quéene, should he rather die than discouer his amors? If Queens (quoth she) were of my mind, I had rather die, thã perish in baser fortunes. Venus loued Vulcan replied Menaphon: truth quoth Samela, but though he was polt-footed, yet he was a God. Phaon enioyed Sapho he a Ferriman that liued by his hands thrift, she a Princesse that sate inuested with a diadem. The more fortunate queth Samela was he in his honours, and she the lesse famous in her honestie. To leaue these instances replied Menaphon, (for loue had made him hardie) I sweéte Samela inferre these presupposed premisses, to discouer the baseneſſe of my mean birth, and yet the deepneſſe of my affection, who euer since I saw the brightneſſe of your perfection shining vpon the mosttains of Arcadie, like the glister of the Sunne vpon the topleſſe Promontorie of Sicilia, was so snared with your beautie, and so inueigled with the excellẽce of that perfection that exceedeth all excellencie, that loue enting my desire, hath mainteined himselfe by force; that vnleſſe sweete Samela grant me fauour of her loue, and play the princelie Eagle, I shall with the poore Flie perish in my Fortunes: he concluded this period with a deepe sigh, and Samela grieuing at this follie of the Shephearde, gaue him mildelie this aunswere.

Menaphon my distressed haps are the resolutions of the Destinies, and the wrongs of my youth, are the forerunners of my woes in age; my native home is my worst nurserie, & my friends denie that which strangers preiudiciallie grant: I arriued in Arcady shipwrackt, and Menaphon fauouring my sorrowes hath affoorded me succours, for which Samela rests bound, and will prooue thankfull: as for loue, knowe that Venus standeth on the Tortoys, as shewing that Loue creepeth on by degrees; that affection is like the Snayle, which stealeth to the top of the lance by minutes: the grasse hath his increase, yet neuer anie sees it augment, the Sonne shadowes, but the motion is not seene; loue like those should

enter into the eye, and by long gradations passe into the heart; Cupid hath wings to flie, not that loue should be swift, but that he may soare high to auoyd base thoughts. The Topace being throwne into the fire burneth straight, but no sooner out of the flame but it freezeth; strawe is soone kindled, but it is but a blaze; and loue that is caught in a moment, is lost in a minute: giue me leaue then Menaphon first to sorrow for my fortunes, then to call to minde my husbands late funeralls, then if the Fates haue assigned I shall fancie, I will account of thee before anie shepheard in Arcadie. This conclusion of Samela draue Menaphon into such an extasie for ioy, that he stood as a man metamorphozed; at last calling his senses together, hee tolde her he rested satisfied with her answere, and therupon lent her a kisse, such as blushing Thetis receaues from her choycest lemman. At this Lamedon awakte, otherwise Menaphon no doubt had replied, but breaking off their talk they went to view their pastures, and so passing downe to the place where the sheepe grazed, they searched the shepheards bagges, and so emptied their bottles as Samela meruailed at such an vncouth banquet: at last they returned home, Menaphon glorying in the hope of his successe, interteining Samela still with such courtesie, that shee finding such cõtent in the cotage, began to despise the honors of the Court. Resting thus in house with the shepheard, to auoide tedious conceipts she framed her selfe so to countrey labours, that she oft times would lead the flocks to the fields her selfe, and being drest in homelie attire, she seemd like Oenone that was amorous of Paris. As she thus often traced alongst the Plaines, she was noted amongst the shepheardes of one Doron next neighbour to Menaphon, who entered into the consideration of her beautie, and made report of it to all his fellow swaines, so that they chatted nought in the fields but of the new shepheardesse. One daye amongst the rest, it chaunced that Doron sitting in parley with another countrey companion of his, amidst other tattle, they prattled of the beautie of Samela. Hast thou seene her quoth Melicer-

tus,(for so was his friend called) I quoth Doron and sigthe to see her, not that I was in loue, but that I greeued shee shuld be in loue with such a one as Menaphon. What manner of woman is shee quoth Melicertus? As well as I can answered Doron I will make description of her.

Dorons description of *Samela.*

Like to Diana *in her Summer weede*
Girt with a crimson roabe of brightest die,
goes faire Samela.
Whiter than be the flockes that straggling feede,
When washt by Arethusa *faint they lie:*
is faire Samela.
As faire Aurora *in her morning gray*
Decke with the ruddie glister of her loue,
is faire Samela.
Like louelie Thetis *on a calmed day,*
When as her brightnesse Neptunes *fancie moue,*
shines faire Samela.
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassie streames,
Her teeth are pearle, the breasts are yuorie
of faire Samela.
Her cheekes like rose and lilly yeeld foorth gleames,
Her browes bright arches framde of ebonie:
Thus faire Samela.
Passeth faire Venus *in her brauest hiew,*
And Iuno *in the shew of maiestie,*
for she'is Samela.
Pallas *in wit, all three if you well view,*
For beautie, wit, and matchlesse dignitie
yeeld to Samela.

Thou hast quoth Melicertus made such a description, as if Priamus young boy should paint out the perfection of his Grecian Paramour. Me thinkes the Idea of her person re-

presents

presents it selfe an obiect to my fantasie, and that I see in the discouerie of her excellence, the rare beauties of: and with that he broke off abruptlie with such a deepe sigh, as it seemed his heart should haue broken; sitting as the Lapithes when they gazed on Medusa. Doron meruailing at this sodayne euent, was halfe afraid, as if some appoplexie had astonied his senses, so that cheering vp his friend, he demanded what the cause was of this sodaine conceipt. Melicertus no niggarde in discouerie of his fortunes, began thus. I tell thee Doron before I kept sheepe in Arcadie, I was a Shepheard else where, so famous for my flockes, as Menaphon for his foldes; beloued of the Nymphes, as hee likte of the Countrey Damzells; coueting in my loues to vse Cupids wings, to soare high in my desires, though my selfe were borne to base fortunes. The Hobbie catcheth no pray, vnlesse she mount beyonde her marke, the Palme tree beareth most bowes where it groweth highest, & Loue is most fortunate where his courage is resolute, and thought beyond his compasse. Grounding therefore on these principles, I fixte mine eye on a Nymph, whose parentage was great, but her beautie farre more excellent, her birth was by manie degrees greater than mine, and my worth by manie discents lesse than hers: yet knowing Venus loued Adonis, and Luna Endymion, that Cupide had boltes feathered with the plumes of a Crowe, as well as with the pennes of an Eagle, I attempted and courted her, I found her lookes lightening disdaine, and her forhead to conteine fauours for others, and frownes for me: when I alledged faith, she crost me with Æneas, when loyaltie, she tolde me of Iason; whē I swore constancie, shee questioned me of Demophoon; when I craued a finall resolution to my fatall passions, shee filde her browes full of wrinckles, and her eyes full of furie, turned her backe, and shooke me off with a *Non placet*. Thus in loues I lost loues, and for her loue had lost all, had not when I neere despaired the clemencie of some curteous starre, or rather the verie excellence of my Mistres fauours

saued

ſalued my halfe deſpairing maladie: for ſhee ſeeing th at I helde a ſuperſticious opinion of loue, in honouring him for a Deitie, not in counting him a vaine conceipt of Poetrie, that I thought it ſacriledge to wrong my deſires, and the baſeſt fortune to inhance my fortune by falſing my loues to a woman, ſhe left from being ſo rammage, and gentlie came to the fiſt, and granted me thoſe fauours ſhee might affoord, or my thoughts deſire: with this he ceaſt and fell againe to his ſighes, which Doron noting, anſwered thus. If (my good Melicertus) thou didſt enioy thy loues, what is the occaſion thou beginneſt with ſighes, and endeſt with paſſions. Ah Doron there endes my ioyes, for no ſooner had I triumpht in my fauours, but the trophees of my fortunes fell like the hearbes in Syria, that flouriſh in the morne, and fade before night; or like vnto the flie Tyryma, that taketh life and leaueth it all in one day. So my Doron did it fare with me, for I had no ſooner enioyed my loue, but the heauens enuious a ſhepheard ſhould haue the fruition of ſuch a heauenly Paragon, ſent vnreuocable Fates to depriue me of her life, & ſhee is dead: dead Doron, to her, to my ſelfe, to all, but not to my memorie, for ſo deepe were the characters ſtamped in my inwarde ſenſes, that obliuion can neuer race out the forme of her excellence. And with that he ſtart vp, ſeeking to fall out of thoſe dumpes with Muſique, (for he plaid on his pipe certaine ſonets he had contriued in praiſe of the countrey wenches) but plaine Doron as plaine as a packſtaffe, deſired him to ſound a roundelay, and he would ſing a ſong, which he carolled to this effect.

Dorons Iigge.

Through the ſhrubbes as I can cracke,
For my Lambes little ones,
Mongſt many pretie ones,
Nimphes I meane, whoſe haire was blacke
As the crow:
Like the ſnow

Her

Her face and browes ſhinde I weene:
I ſaw a little one,
A bonny prety one,
As bright, buxſome and as ſheene
As was ſhee,
On hir knee
That lulld the God, whoſe arrowes warmes
Such merry little ones,
Such faire fac'd prety ones,
As dally in Loues chiefeſt harmes,
Such was mine:
Whoſe gray eyne
Made me loue. I gan to woo
This ſweete little one,
This bonny pretie one.
I wooed hard a day or two,
Till ſhe bad;
Be not ſad,
Wooe no more I am thine owne,
Thy deareſt little one,
Thy trueſt pretie one:
Thus was faith and firme loue ſhowne,
As behoues
Shepheards loues.

How like you this Dittie of mine owne deuiſing, quoth Doron? As well as my muſique replied Melicertus; for if Pan and I ſtriue, Midas being Iudge, and ſhould happe to giue me the garland, I doubt not but his Aſſes eares ſhould be doubled: but Doron ſo long we diſpute of loue, and forget our labours, that both our flockes ſhall be vnfolded, and to morrow our merrie meeting hindered. Thats true quoth Doron, for there will be all the ſhepheards Daughters and countrey Damzels, and amongſt them feare not but Menaphon will bring his faire Shepheardeſſe, there Melicertus ſhalt thou ſee her that will amate all our moodes, and amaze

thee, and therefore good Melicertus let vs be going. With this prattle away they went to their foldes, where we leaue them, & returne to Menaphon, who triumphing in the hope of his new loues, caused Samela to tricke her vp in her countrey attire, and make her selfe braue against the meeting: she that thought, to be coye were to discouer her thoughts, drest her selfe vp in Carmelas russet cassocke, and that so quaintly, as if Venus in a countrey peticoate had thought to wanton it with her louely Adonis. The morow came, and away they went, but Lamedon was left behinde to keep the house. At the houre appointed, Menaphon, Carmela and Samela came, when all the rest were readie making merie. As soone as word was brought, that Menaphon came with his newe Mistres, all the companie began to murmur, and euery man to prepare his eye for so miraculous an obiect: but Pesana a beardsmans daughter of the same parish, that long had loued Menaphon, and he had filled her browes with frownes, her eyes with furie, and her heart with griefe; yet coueting in so open an assemblie, as well as shee coulde to hide a pad in the straw, she expected as others did the arriuall of her newe corriuall: who at that instant came with Menaphon into the house. No sooner was she entred the Parlour, but her eyes gaue such a shine, & her face such a brightnesse, that they stood gazing on this Goddesse; and shee vnacquainted, seeing her selfe among so manie vnknowen swaines, died her cheekes with such a vermilion blush, that the countrey maides themselues fel in loue with this faire Nimph, and could not blame Menaphon for being ouer the shooes with such a beautifull creature. Doron iogde Melicertus on the elbowe, and so awakte him out of a dreame, for he was deeply drownd in the contemplation of her excellencie; sending out vollies of sighs in remembrance of his old loue, as thus hee sate meditating on her fauour, how much she resembled her that death had depriued him off: well her welcome was great of all the companie, & for that she was a stranger they graced her to make her the mistres of the Feast. Menaphon seeing Samela thus

honoured

honoured, conceiued no ſmal content in the aduancing of his Miſtres, being paſſing ioconde and pleaſant with the reſt of the companie, inſomuch that euerie one perceiued howe the poore ſwayne fedde vppon the dignities of his Miſtres graces. Peſana noting this began to lowre, and Carmela winking vpon her fellowes, anſwered her frownes with a ſmile, which doubled her griefe; for womens paines are more pinching if they be girded with a frumpe, than if they be galled with a miſchiefe. Whiles thus there was banding of ſuch lookes, as euerie one imported as much as an *impreſo*, Samela willing to ſee the faſhion of theſe countrey pong frowes, caſt her eyes abroad, and in viewing euerie face, at laſt her eyes glaunced on the lookes of Melicertus; whoſe countenance reſembled ſo vnto her dead Lord, that as a woman aſtonied ſhe ſtood ſtaring on his face, but aſhamed to gaze vpon a ſtranger, ſhe made reſtraint of her looks, and ſo taking her eye from one particular obiect, ſhe ſent it abroad to make generall ſuruey of their countrey demeanours. But amidſt all this gazing, he that had ſeene poore Menaphon, how infected with a iealous furie, he ſtared each man in the face, fearing their eyes ſhould feede or ſurfet on his Miſtres beautie: if they glaunſt, he thought ſtraight they would be riualls in his loues; if they flatlie lookt, then they were déepely ſnared in affection; if they once ſmiled on her, they had receyued ſome glance from Samela that made them ſo malepart; if ſhe laught, ſhe likte; and at that he began to frowne: thus ſate poore Menaphon all dinner while pained with a thouſande iealous paſſions, keeping his téeth garders of his ſtomacke, and his eyes watchmen of his loues, but Melicertus halfe impatient of his new conceiued thoughts, determined to trie how the Damzell was brought vp, and whether ſhe was as wiſe as beautifull, hee therefore began to breake ſilence thus.

The Orgies which the Bacchanals kept in Theſſaly, the Feaſts which the melancholy Saturniſts foūded in Danuby, were neuer ſo quatted with ſilence, but on their feſtiual daies

they did frolicke amongst themselues with manie pleasaunt parlies: were it no a shame then that we of Arcadie, famous for the beautie of our Nymphes, & the amorous roundelaies of our shepheaeds, shoulde disgrace Pans holiday with such melancholy dumpes: curteous countrey Swaines shake off this sobrietie, and seeing we haue in our companie Damzels both beautifull and wise, let vs interteine them with prattle, to trie our wittes, and tire our time; to this they all agreed with a *plaudite*. Then quoth Melicertus; by your leaue since I was first in motion, I will be first in question, & therefore new come shepheardesse first to you: at this Samela blusht, and he began thus.

Faire Damzel, when Næreus chatted with Iuno, he had pardon, in that his prattle came more to plesure the Goddesse than to ratifie his owne presumption: if I Mistres be ouerbold, forgiue me; I question not to offend, but to set time free from tediousnesse. Then gentle shepheardesse tell me, if you should bee transformed through the anger of the Gods, into some shape; what creature would you reason to be in forme? Samela blushing that she was the first that was boorded, yet gathered vp her crums, and desirous to shew her pregnaunt wit, (as the wisest women be euer tickled with self loue) made him this answere.

Gentle shepheard, it fits not strangers to be nice, nor maidens too coy; least the one feele the weight of a scoffe, the other the fall of a frumpe: pithie questions are mindes whetstones, and by discoursing in iest, manie doubts are deciphered in earnest: therefore you haue forestalled me in crauing pardon, when you haue no neede to feele anie grant of pardon. Therefore thus to your question; Daphne I remember was turned to a bay tree, Niobe to a flint, Lampetia & her sisters to flowers, and sundrie Uirgins to sundrie shapes according to their merites; but if my wish might serue for a Metamorphosis, I would be turned into a sheepe. A sheepe, and why so Mistres? I reason thus quoth Samela, my supposition should be simple, my life quiet, my food the pleasant

Plaines

Plaines of Arcadie and the wealthie riches of Flora, my drinke the coole streames that flowe from the concaue Promontorie of this Continent, my aire should bee cleere, my walkes spacious, my thoughts at ease, and can there none shepheard be my better premisses to conclude my replie than these? But haue you no other allegations to confirme your resolution? Yes sir quoth she, and farre greater. Then the law of our first motion quoth hee commands you to repeate them. Farre be it answered Samela that I should not doo of free will anie thing that this pleasant companie commands: therefore thus; Were I a sheepe, I should bee garded from the foldes with iollie Swaines, such as was Lunas Loue on the hills of Latmos; their pipes sounding like the melodie of Mercurie, when he lulld asleepe Argus: but more, when the Damzells tracing along the Plaines, should with their eyes like Sunne bright beames, drawe on lookes to gaze on such sparkling Planets: then wearie with foode, shoulde I lye and looke on their beauties, as on the spotted wealthe of the richest Firmament; I should listen to their sweete layes, more sweete than the Sea-borne Syrens: thus feeding on the delicacie of their features, I should like the Tyrian heyfer fall in loue with Agenors darling. I but quoth Melicertus, those faire facde Damzells oft draw foorth the kindest sheepe to the shambles. And what of that sir aunswered Samela, would not a sheepe so long fed with beautie, die for loue. If he die (quoth Pesana) it is more kindnes in beasts, than constancie in men: for they die for loue, when larkes die with leekes. If they be so wise quoth Menaphon, they shew but their mother witts; for what sparkes they haue of inconstancie, they drawe from their female fosterers, as the Sea dooth ebbes and tides from the Moone. So be it sir answered Pesana, then no doubt your mother was made of a Weathercocke, that brought foorth such a wauering companion: for you master Menaphon measure your looks by minutes and your loues are like lightning, which no sooner flash on the eie, but they vanish. It is then quoth Menaphon because

mine eye is a foolish Iudge, and chooseth too baselie: which when my heart censures of, it casts away as refuse. Twere best thē said Pesana, to discharge such vniust Iudges of ther seates, and to set your cares hearers of your loue pleas. If they fault quoth Melicertus, euerie market towne hath a remedie, or els there is neuer a Baker nere by seauen miles. Stay curteous Shepheards quoth Samela, these iestes are too broade before, they are cynicall like Diogenes quippes, that had large feathers and sharpe heads, it little fits in this companie to bandie taunts of loue, seeing you are vnwedded and these all maidens addicted to chastitie. You speake well as a Patronesse of our credite quoth Pesana, for in deede we be virgins, & addicted to virginitie. Now quoth Menaphon that you haue got a virgin in your mouth you wil neuer leaue chaunting that word, till you proone your selfe either a Vestall or a Sybill. Suppose she were a Vestall quoth Melicertus, I had almost said a virgine (but God forbidde I had made such a doubtfull supposition) shee might carrie water with Amulia in a siue: for amongst all the rest of the virgins we read of none but her that wrought such a miracle. Pesana hearing how pleasantly Melicertus plaid with her nose, thought to giue him as great a bone to gnaw vppon, which she cast in his teeth thus briefelie.

I remember sir that Epicurus measured euerie mans diet by his owne principles; Abradas the great Macedonian Pirate, thought euerie one had a letter of Marte, that bare sayles in the Ocean; nonc came to knocke at Diogenes tub but was supposed a Cinick; and fancie a late hath so tied you to his vanities, that you will thinke Vesta a flat figured conceipt of Poetrie. Samela perceiuing these blowes would growe to deepe wounds, broke off their talke with this pretty digression. Gentlemen, to end this strife, I praye you let vs heare the opinion of Doron, for all this while neither he nor Carmela haue vttered one word, but sate as Censers of our pleas; twere necessarie he tolde vs how his heart came thus on his halfepenie. Doron hearing Samela thus pleasaunt,

made

made presentlie this blunt replie; I was faire Mistres in a solempne doubt with my selfe, whether in beeing a sheepe, you would be a Ram or an Ewe: An Ewe no doubt quoth Samela, for hornes are the heauiest burden that the head can beare. As Doron was readie to replie, came in sodainly to this parley foure or fiue olde shepheards, who broke off their prattle, that from chat they fel to drinking: and so after some parley of their flocks, euerie one departed to their own home where they talked of the exquisite perfection of Samela, especially Melicertus, who gotten to his owne cotage, and lyen downe in his couch by himselfe, began to ruminate on Samelas shape.

Ah Melicertus, what an object fortune this day brought to thy eyes, presenting a strange Idæa to thy sight, as appeared to Achilles of his dead friend Patroclus, tresses of gold like the tramels of Sephestias lockes, a face fairer than Venus, such was Sephestia; her eye paints her out Sephestia, her voyce sounds her out Sephestia, she seemeth none but Sephestia: but seing she is dead, & there liueth not such another Sephestia, sue to her and loue her, for that it is either a selfe same or another Sephestia. In this hope Melicertus fel to his slumber, but Samela was not so content: for shee began thus to muse with her selfe; May this Melicertus be a shepheard? or can a countrie cotage affoord such perfection? doth this coast bring forth such excellence? then happie are the virgins shall haue such suters, and the wiues such pleasing husbands; but his face is not inchacte with anie rusticke proportion, his browes containe the characters of nobilitie, and his lookes in shepheards weeds are Lordlie, his voyce pleasing, his wit full of gentrie: weigh all these equallie, and consider Samela is it not thy Maximus? Fond fole away with these suppositions; could the dreaming of Andromache call Hector from his graue? or can the vision of my husband raise him from the seas? Tush stoop not to such vanities: hee is dead, and therefore grieue not thy memorie with the imagination of his new reuiue, for there hath been but one Hippolitus

found

found to be Virbius, twise a man, to salue Samela than this suppose; if they court thee with hyacinth, interteine them with roses; if he send thee a lambe, present him an ewe; if he wooe, be wooed; and for no other reason, but, hee is like Maximius. Thus she rested, and thus she slept, all parties being equally content and satisfied with hope except Pesana, who fettred with the feature of her best beloued Menaphon sate cursing Cupide as a partiall Deitie, that would make more daye light in the Firmament than one Sunne, more rainebowes in the heauen than one Iris, & more loues in one heart than one settled passion: manie praiers she made to Venus for reuenge, manie vowes to Cupide, manie orizons to Hymæneus, if shee might possesse the type of her desires. Well pooze soule, howsoeuer she was paid, she smothered all with patience, and thought to braue loue with séming not to loue; and thus she daily droue out the time with labour, & looking to her heard, hearing euerie day by Doron who was her kinsman, what successe Menaphon had in his loues. Thus Fates and Fortune dallying a dolefull Catastrophe, to make a more pleasing Epitazis, it fell out amongst them thus. Melicertus going to the fields, as he was wont to do with his flockes, droue to graze as néere the swaines of Menaphon as he might, to haue a view of his new enterteined Mistres; who, according to his expectation came thether euerie day. Melicertus esteeming her to bee some Farmers daughter at the most, could not tell how to court her: yet at length calling to remb[r]ance her rare wit discouered in her last discourses, finding opportunitie to giue her both bal and racket, seeing the coast was cleere, and that none but Samela and he were in the field, he left his flocke in the valley, and stept vnto her, and saluted her thus.

Mistres of al eyes that glance but at the excellence of your perfection, soueraigne of all such as Venus hath allowed for louers, Oenones ouermatch, Arcadies comet, beauties second comfort; all haile: seeing you sit like Iuno when shee first watchte her white heyfer on the Lincen downes, as

bright

bright as siluer Phœbe mounted on the high top of the rud-
die element, [illegible] attractiue force drawne, as
the adamant draweth the yron, or the ieat the straw, to vtte
your sweete selfe in the shade, and affoord you such companie
as a poore swaine may yeeld without offence; which if you
shall vouch to deigne of, I shall be as glad of such accepted
seruice, as Paris first was of his best beloued Paramour. Sa-
mela looking on the shepheardes face, and seeing his vtte-
rance full of broken sighes, thought to bee pleasant with her
shepheard thus. Arcadies Apollo, whose brightnesse draws
euerie eye to turne as the Heliotropion doth after her load;
faireſt of the shepheards, the Nimphes sweeteſt obiect, wo-
mens wrong, in wronging manie with ones due; welcome,
and so welcome, as we vouchsafe of your seruice, admitte of
your companie, as of him that is the grace of al companies;
and if we durst vpon any light pardon, woulde venter to re-
queſt you shew vs a caſt of your cunning. Samela made this
replie, because she heard him so superfine, as if Ephæbus had
learnd him to refine his mother tongue, wherefore thought
he had done it of an inkhorne desire to be eloquent; and Meli-
certus thinking that Samela had learnd with Lucilla in A-
thens to anotamize wit, and speake none but *Similes*, imagi-
ned she smoothed her talke to be thought like Sapho Phaos
Paramour. Thus deceiued either in others suppoſitions,
Samela followed her sute thus; I know that Priamus wan-
ton could not be without flockes of Nymphes to follow him
in the Vale of Ida, beautie hath legions to attende her excel-
lence if the shepheard be true; if like Narciſſus you wrap not
not your face in the cloude of disdaine, you cannot but haue
some rare Paragon to your Miſtres, whome I woulde haue
you in some sonnet describe. Ioues laſt loue, if Ioue coulde
get from Iuno, my pipe shal presume and I aduenture with
my voice to set out my Miſtres fauour for your excellence
to censure of, and therefore thus. Yet Melicertus for that hee
had a farther reach, would not make anie clownish descripti-
on, chanted it thus cunningly.

Melicertus deſcription of his Miſtres.

Tune on my pipe the praiſes of my Loue,
And midſt thy oaten harmonie recount
How faire ſhe is that makes thy muſicke mount,
And euerie ſtring of thy hearts harpe to moue.

Shall I compare her forme vnto the ſpheare
Whence Sun-bright Venus *vaunts her ſiluer ſhine?*
Ah more than that by iuſt compare is thine,
Whoſe Chriſtall lookes the cloudie heauens doo cleare.

How oft haue I deſcending Titan *ſeene*
His burning lockes couch in the Sea-queenes lap,
And beauteous Thetis *his red bodie wrap*
In watrie roabes, as he her Lord had been.

When as my Nimph impatient of the night
Bad bright Atræus *with his traine giue place,*
Whiles ſhe led foorth the day with her faire face,
And lent each ſtarre a more than Delian *light.*

Not Ioue *or Nature ſhould they both agree*
To make a woman of the Firmament,
Of his mixt puritie could not inuent
A Skie borne forme ſo beautifull as ſhe.

When Melicertus had ended this roundelay in prayſe of his Miſtres, Samela perceiued by his deſcription, that either ſome better Poet than himſelfe had made it, or elſe that his former phraſe was diſſembled: wherefore to trie him thoroughly, and to ſee what ſnake laye hidden vnder the graſſe, ſhe followed the chaſe in this manner.

Melicertus, might not a ſtraunger craue your Miſtres name. At this the ſhepheard bluſht, and made no reply. How

now

nowe quoth Samela, what is she meane that you shame, or so high as you fear to bewray the souereign of your thoughts? Stand not in doubt man, for be she base, I reade that mightie Tamberlaine after his wife Zenocrate (the worlds faire eye) past out of the Theater of this mortall like, he chose stigmaticall trulls to please his humorous fancie. Be she a princesse, honour hangs in high desires, and it is the token of a high minde to venter for a Queene: then gentle shepheard tell me thy Mistres name. Melicertus hearing his goddesse speake so fauourably, breathed out this sodaine replie; Too high Samela, and therefore I feare with the Syrian Wolues to barke against the Moone, or with them of Scyrum to shoot against the starres; in the height of my thoughts soaring too high, to fall with wofull repenting Icarus: no sooner did mine eye glance vpon her beautie, but as if loue and fate had sate to forge my fatall disquiet, they trapte mee within her lookes, and haling her Idæa through the passage of my sight, placde it so déeply in the center of my heart, as maugre al my studious indeuour it still and euer will kéepe restlesse possession: noting her vertues, her beauties, her perfections, her excellence, and feare of her too high born parentage, although painfully fettered, yet haue I still feared to dare so haute an attempt to so braue a personage; least she offensiue at my presumption, I perish in the height of my thoughts. This conclusion broken with an abrubt passion, could not so satisfie Samela but she would bee further inquisitiue. At last after manie questions, he answered thus; seeing Samela I consume my selfe, & displease you; to hazarde for the salue that maye cure my malady, & satisfie your question, know it is the beauteous Samela. Be there more of that name in Arcady beside my selfe quoth she. I know not qd Melicertus, but wer there a million, onely you are Melicertus Samela. But of a million quoth she, I cannot be Melicertus Samela, for loue hath but one arrowe of desire in his quiuer, but one string to his bow, & in choyce but one aime of affection. Haue ye alreadie quoth Melicertus set your rest vpõ some higher personage?

No quoth Samela, I meane by your selfe, for I haue heard e that your fancie is linked alreadie to a beautiful shepherdesse in Arcadie. At this the poore swaine tainted his cheeks with a vermilion die, yet thinking to carrie out the matter with a iest, he stood to his tackling thus; Whosoeuer Samela descanted of that loue, tolde you a Canterbury tale; some prophetical full mouth that as he were a Coblers eldest sonne, would by the taste tell where anothers shooe wrings, but his sowterly aime was iust leuell, in thinking euerie looke was loue, or euerie faire worde a pawne of loyaltie. Then quoth Samela taking him at a rebound, neither may I thinke your glaunces to be fancies, nor your greatest protestation any assurance of deepe affection: therefore ceasing off to court any further at this time, thinke you haue prooued your selfe a tall souldier to continue so long at batterie, and that I am a fauorable foe that haue continued so long a parley; but I charge you by the loue you owe your deerest Mistres, not to say any more as touching loue for this time. If Samela quoth hee, thou hadst enioyned me as Iuno did to Hercules, most daungerous labours, I would haue discouered my loue by obedience, and my affection by death: yet let me craue this, that as I begunne with a Sonnet, so I may ende with a Madrigale. Content Melicertus quoth she, for none more than I loue Musique. Upon this replie the shepheard proud followed this Dittie.

Melicertus Madrigale.

What are my sheepe without their wonted food?
What is my life except I gaine my Loue?
My sheepe consume and faint for want of blood.
My life is lost vnlesse I grace approue.
No flower that sapleſſe thriues:
No Turtle without pheare.

The day without the Sunne dooth lowre for woe,

Then

Then woe mine eyes vnlesse they beautie see:
My Sunne Samelaes *eyes, by Whom I know*
Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be.
Nought more the heart reuiues
Than to imbrace his deare.

The starres from earthly humors gaine their light,
Our humors by their light possesse their power:
Samelaes *eyes fadde by my weeping sight,*
Insues my paine or ioyes by smile, or lower.
So wends the source of loue.
It feedes, it failes, it ends.

Kinde lookes cleare to your ioy behold her eyes,
Admire her heart, desire to taste her kisses;
In them the heauen of ioy and solace lies,
Without them evry hope his succour misses.
Oh how I loue to proone
Whereto this solace tends.

Scarce had the shepheard ended this Madrigale, but Samela began to frowne, saying he had broken promise. Melicertus alledged if he had vttred any passion, twas sung, not said. Thus these Louers in a humorous descant of their prattle espied a farre off olde Lamedon and Menaphon comming towards them; whereupon kissing in conceipt, & parting with interchaunged glaunces, Melicertus stole to his sheepe, and Samela sate her downe making of nets to catche birds. At last Lamedon and her Loue came, and after manie gracious lookes, and much good parley, helpte her home with her sheepe, and put them in the folds. But leauing these amorous shepheardes busie in their loues, let vs retourne at length to the pretie babie Samelas childe, whom Menaphó had put to nurse in the countrey. This infant being by Nature beautifull, and by birth noble, euen in his cradle expresst to the eyes of the gazers such glorious presages of his ap-

prophing fortunes, as if another Alcides (the arme-strong darling of the doubled night) by wrastling with snakes in his swadling cloutes, should prophecie to the world the approching wonders of his prowesse; so did his fierie looks reflect terror to the weake beholders of his ingrafted nobilitie, as if some God twise born like vnto the Thracian Bacchus, forsaking his heauen borne Deitie, shoulde delude our eyes with the alternate forme of his infancie. Fiue yeres had full runne their monthly reuolution, when as this beauteous boy began to shew himselfe among the shepheards children, with whom he had no sooner cõtracted familiar acquaintance, but straight he was chosen Lord of the May game, king of their sports, and ringleader of their reuils; insomuch that his tender mother beholding him by chance mounted in his kingly maiestie, and imitating honorable iustice in his gamesom exercise of discipline, with teares of ioy took vp these prophetical termes; well doo I see, where God and Fate hath vowed felicitie, no aduerse fortune may expel prosperitie. Pleusidippus thou art young, thy lookes high, and thy thoughtes hautie; souereigntie is seated in thy eyes, and honour in thy heart; I feare this fire will haue his flame, and then am I vndone in thee my sonne; my countrey life (sweete countrey life) in thy proud soaring hopes, despoyled and disroabed of the disguised aray of his rest, must returne russet weedes to the foldes where I lefte my feares, and hast to the court my hell, there to inuest me in my wonted cares. How now Samela, wilt thou be a Sybil of mishap to thy selfe? the angrie heauens that haue eternisht thy exile, haue establisht thy content in Arcadie. My content in Arcadie, that may not be no longer than my Pleusidippus staies in Arcadie, which I haue cause to feare, for the whelps of the Lion are no longer harmlesse than when they are whelpes, and babes no longer to be awed, than while they are babes. I but nature, & therewith she pawsed, being interrupted by a tumult of boies, that by yong Pleusidippus command fell vpon one of their fellowes, and beate him most cruelly for playing false playe at

nine

nine holes: which she espying through her lattise window, could not chose but smile aboue measure. But when she saw him in his childish termes condemne one to death for despising the authoritie bequeathed him by the rest of the boyes, then she bethought her of the Persian Cyrus that deposed his Grandfather Astyages, whose vse it was at like age to imitate maiestie in like manner. In this distraction of thoughts she had not long time staid, but Lamedon and Menaphon calde her awaye to accompany them to the foldes, whiles Pleusidippus hasting to the execution of iustice, dismissed his boyish session till their next meeting: where how impertinentlie he behaued himselfe in punishing misorders amongest his equals, in vsing more than iesting iustice towards his vntamed copesmates, I referre it to the Annuals of the Arcadians that dilate not a little of this ingenious argument. In this sort did Pleusidippus draw foorth his infancie, till on a time walking to the shore, where hee with his mother were wrackt, to gather cockles and pebble stones, as children are wont: there arriued on the strond a Thessalian Pirate named Eurilachus, who after he had foraged in the Arcadian confines, driuing before him a large bootie of beasts to his ships espied this pretie infant; when gazing on his face as wanton Ioue gazed on Phrygian Ganimede in the fields of Ida, hee exhaled into his eyes such deepe impression of his perfection, as that his thought neuer thirsted so much after any pray, as this pretie Pleusidippus possession: but determining first to assay him by curtesie before hee assayled him with rigour, he began to trie his wit after this manner. My little childe, whence art thou, where wert thou borne, whats thy name, and wherefore wandrest thou thus all alone on the shoare. I pray ye what are you sir quoth Pleusidippus, that deale thus with me by interrogatories, as if I were some runne away. Wilt thou not tell me then who was thy father? Said he, Good sir, if ye will needes knowe goe aske that of my mother. Hath said wel my Lord quoth Romanio who was one of his especiall associates, for wise are the children in these

dayes

dayes that know their owne fathers, especially if they be begotten in Dogge daies, when their mothers are frantick with loue, & yong men furious for lust. Besides, who knows not, that these Arcadians are giuen to take the benefit of euerie Hodge, when they will sacrifice their virginitie to Venus, though they haue but a bush of nettles for their bedde; and sure this boy is but some shepheards bastard at the most, howsoeuer his wanton face importeth more than appérance. Pseusidippus eyes at this speach resolued into fire, and his face into purple, with a more than common courage in children of his yeares and stature, gaue him the lie roundly in this replie; Peasant, the bastard in thy face, for I am a Gentleman: wert thou a man in courage, as thou art a Rowe in proportion, thou wouldst neuer haue so much empayred thy honestie, as to derogate from my honor. Look not in my face but leuel at my heart by this that thou seest, and therewith let driue at him with such pebble stones as hee had in his hat, insomuch that Romanio was driuen to his heeles, to shun this sodaine haile shot, and Eurilochus resolued into a laughter, and in tearmes of admiration most highly extolled so exceeding magnanimitie in so little a bodie; which how auaileable it prooued to the confirmation of his fancie, that was before inflamed with his features, let them imagine, that haue noted the imbecilitie of that age, and the vnresisted furie of men at armes. Sufficeth at this instant to vnfolde (all other circumstance of praise laid apart) that Eurilochus being farre in loue with his extraordinarie lineaments, awaited no farther parley, but willed his men perforce to hoyse him a shipboord, intending as soone as euer he arriued in Thessaly, by sending him to the Courte as a present, to make his peace with his Lord and Master Agenor, who not long before had proclaimed him as a notorious Pirate throughout all his dominions. Neither swarued hee one whit from his purpose, for no sooner had he cast anker in the Port of Hadrionopolis, but he arraied him in choyce silkes and Tyrian purple, & so sent him as a prize to the King of that Country, who walking

walking as then in his ſummer garden with his Queen the beauteous Eriphila, fell to diſcourſe (as one well ſéene in Philoſophie) of hearbes and flowers, as the ſauour or colour did occaſion; and hauing ſpent ſome time in diſputing their medicinable properties, his Ladie reaching him a Marigold, he began to morализe of it thus merely. I meruaile the Poets that were ſo prodigall in painting the amorous affection of the Sunne to his Hyacinth, did neuer obſerue the relation of loue twixt him and the Marigold: it ſhoulde either ſéeme they were loath to incurre the diſpleaſure of women, by propounding it in the way of compariſon any ſeruile imitation for head ſtrong wiues, that loue no precepts leſſe, than thoſe pertaining vnto duty; or that that flower not ſo vſual in their gardens as ours, in her vnacquainted name did obſcure the honour of her amors to Apollo; to whoſe motions reducing the methode of her ſpringing, ſhe waketh and ſleepeth, openeth and ſhutteth her golden leaues, as he riſeth and ſetteth. Well did you foreſtall my exception quoth Eriphila, in terming it a ſeruile imitation; for were the condition of a wife ſo ſlauiſh as your ſimilitude would inferre, I had as leaue be your page as your ſpouſe, your dogge as your darling. Not ſo ſwéete wife anſwered Agenor, but the compariſon holdeth in this, that as the Marigold reſembleth the Sunne both in colour and forme, ſo each mans wife ought euerie way to be the image of her huſband, framing her countenance to ſmile, when ſhe ſées him diſpoſed to mirth; and contrariwiſe her eyes to teares, he being ſurcharged with melancholy: and as the Marigold diſplaieth the orient ornaments of her beautie to the reſplendant viewe of none but her louer Hyperion, ſo ought not a woman of modeſtie lay open the allurements of her face to anie but her eſpouſed pheere; in whoſe abſence like the Marigold in the abſence of the Sunne, ſhe ought to ſhut vp her dores, and ſolemnize continuall night, till her huſband her ſunne making a happie return, vnſealeth her ſilence with the ioy of his ſight. Beléeue me, but if all flowers (quoth Eriphila) affoord ſuch influence of eloquence to our aduerſe o-

ratoys, Ile exempt them all from my smell, for feare they be all planted to poyson. Ofte haue I heard (replied Agenor) our cunning Phisitions conclude, that one poyson is harmelesse to another; which if it be so, there is no cause why a thistle should feare to be stung of a nettle. I can tell you sir, you best were beware, least in wading too farre in comparisons of thistles and nettles, you exchange not your rose for a nettle. If I do quoth Agenor, it is no more, but my gardeners shall plucke it vp by the rootes, and throw it ouer the wal as a weed. To end this iest that els would issue to a iarre, what purple flower is this in forme like a hyacinth (quoth Eriphila) so cunningly dropped with bloud, as if Nature had intermedled with the Heralds arte to emblazon a bléeding heart. It is the flower into the which Poets dw faigne Venus dying Adonis to be turnd, a faire boy but passing infortunate. Was it possible quoth Eriphila, that euer Nature should bée so bounteous to a boy, to giue him a face in despite of women so faire: faine would I see such an obiect, and then would I defie beautie, for imparting our excellencie to any inferiour abiect. In saying these words (as if Fortune meant to present her fancie with his desired felicitie) Romanio conducted by one of the Lords came with yong Pleusidippus in his hand into the priuie garden: where discoursing vnto the king the intent of Eurilochus in presenting him with such an inestimable Jewell, the manner of his taking in the Strond of Arcadie, with other circumstance of vowed alleageance; all which being gratefully accepted of Agenor, he sealed their seuerall parvons, & so gaue them leaue to depart. But when he had throughly obserued euerie perfection of yong Pleusidippus, he burst into these tearmes of passion; Had sea-borne Pontia then an appliable eare in our idleneſſe, that to testifie hir eternall deitie, she should send vs a second Adonis to delude our senses? What euer may deserue the name of faire haue I séen before, beautie haue I beheld in his brighest orb, but neuer set eye on immortalitie before this houre. Eriphila likewise in no lesse extasie, séeing her eyes to dazle with the

reflexe

reflexe of his beautie, and hir cheekes tainted with a blush of disgrace by too too much gazing on his face, said; that eyther the Sunne had lefte his bower to beguile their eyes with a borrowed shape (which could not keepe in his brightnesse) or Cupide dismounted from his mothers lappe, left his bow & quiuer at randon, to outbraue the Thessalian dames in their beautie. In this contrarietie of thoughts, being all plunged welnigh in a speachlesse astonishment, the faire childe Pleusidippus not vsed to such hyperbolical spectators, broke off the silence by calling for his victualls, as one whose emptie stomack since his comming from sea, was not ouercloyed with delicates, whereat Agenor reuiued from his trance, wherein the present wonder had inwrapt him, demanded such questions of his name and parentage as the Pirates ignorance could not vnfold; but he being able to tel no more than this, that his mother was a shepheardesse, & his owne name Pleusidippus, cut off all their further interrogatories by calling after his childish manner againe for his dinner. Whereupon Agenor commanding him to be had in, and vsed in euerie respect as the childe of a Prince, began in his solitarie walke by his countenance to calculate his Natiuitie, and measure his birth by his beautie, contracting him in thought heyre to his kingdome of Thessaly, and husbande to his daughter, before he knewe whence the childe descended, or who was his father.

But leauing yong Pleusidippus thus spending his youth in the Thessalian Court, protected with the tender affection of such a courteous Foster-father as Agenor; returne wee where we lefte backe vnto Arcadie, and meete his Mother the faire Samela returning from the foldes: who hauing discoursed by the way as she came home to Lamedon and Menaphon what shee late sawe and obserued in her sonne, they both conioyned their iudgements to this conclusion, that hee was doubtles borne to some greater fortunes than the sheepcoates could containe, and therefore it behooued her to further his Destinies with some good and liberall education,

and not to detaine him any longer in that trade of life, which his fortune withstood: but by the way to rebuke him for tyrannising so Lordlie ouer the boies, least the neighbor shepheards might happely intrude the name of iniurie on them being strangers for his insulting ouer their children. With this determination came she home, & calling for Pleusidippus according to their former counsaile, he would in no wise be found. Thereupon enquirie was made amongest all the shepheards, diligent search in euerie village, but stil the most carefullest post returned with *Non est inuentus*. Which Samela hearing, thinking she had vtterly lost him whome Fortune had saued, began in this manner to act her vnrest; Dissembling heauens, where is your happinesse? vnconstant times, what are your triumphes? haue you therefore hetherto fed me with honie, that you might at last poyson me with gall? Haue you fatted mee so long with Sardenian smiles, that like the wracke of the Syrens, I might perrish in your wiles? Curst that I was to affie in your curtesie, curst that am to taste of your crueltie. O Pleusidippus, liuest thou, or art thou dead? No thou art dead, dead to the world, dead to thy kinsfolkes, dead to Cipres, dead to Arcadie, dead to thy mother Samela; and with thee dies the worlds wonder, thy kinsfolkes comfort, Cipres soule, Arcadies hopes, thy mothers honours. Was this the prophecie of thy soueraignitie, to yeeld vp thy life to death so vntimely? wretched was I of al women to bring thee foorth to this infancie. O cruel Themis that didst reuolue such vneuitable fate; hard harted death to prosecute me with such hate. Haue wee therefore escapee the furie of the seas, to perish on the land? was it not inough that we were exiled from higher prosperitie, but we must all of vs thus sodainly be ouerwhelmed with the ouerflowe of a second aduersitie? my husband and thy father to be swalowed in the furie of the surge, and now thou to bee (and therewith her eyes distilled such abundance of teares, as stopt the passage of her plaints, & made her seeme a more than second Niobe, bewailing her seauen fold sorrow vnder the forme of

a wee-

a wéeping Flint.) Menaphon who had ouer heard her all this while, as one that sought opportunitie to plead his vnrest, perceiuing her in that extremitie of agonie for hir sons supposed losse, stept to hir presently, & cheerde hir vp in these tearmes; Faire shepheardesse, might the teares of contrition raise the dead from destruction, then were it wisedome to bewaile what weeping might recall; but since such anguish is fruiteless, and these plainings bootlesse; comfort your self with the hope of the liuing, and omit the teares for the dead. Why quoth Samela how is it possible a woman should loose him without griefe, whom she hath conceiued with sorrow: he was sweete Menaphon, the diuided halfe of my essence, soule to my ioyes, and life to my delights; as beauteous in his birth, as is our bright bow-bearing God, that played the shepheard a while for loue, amiddest our pleasant Arcadian Downes. What ere hee was in beautie quoth Menaphon, proceeded from your bountie; who may by marriage make his like when you please: therefore there is no cause you shuld so much grieue to see your first worke defacde, that of a newe molde can forme a farre better than euer he was. Ah Menaphon, nere more may his like proceede from my loynes; I tell thee he made the chamber bright with his beautie when he was born, and chacte the night with the golden rayes that gleamed from his lookes: nere more may I bee the mother of such a sonne. Yes Samela (quoth the frolicke shepheard) thinke not but if thou wilt list to my loues, I will enrich thée with as faire increase as euer he was. Alas poore swaine said she, thou hopest in vaine, since another must reape what thou hast sowne, and gather into his barnes what thou hast scattered in the furrowe. Another reape what I haue sowen: therwith he scracht his head where it icht not, and setting his cap he could not tell which way, in a hot fustian fumes he vttred these words of furie; Strumpet of Greece, repaiest thou my loue with this lauish ingratitude? haue I therefore with my plentie supplied thy wants, that thou with thy pride shouldst procure my wo? did I relieue thee in distresse, to wound me

in thy welfare with disdaine? deceitfull woman (and therewith hee swore a holiday oath, by Pan the God of the Shepheards) either returne loue for loue, or I will turne thée forth of doores to scrape vp thy crummes where thou canst; and make thee pities for thy pouertie, that earst while wert honoured in euerie mans eye through the supportance of thy beautie. Belike then quoth Samela, when you intertained me into your house, you did it not in regarde of the lawes of hospitalitie, but onely with this policie to quench the flames of your lucie: then sir haue I mistooke your honestie, and am lesse indebted to your courtesie. Nay I thought no lesse said Menaphon, when your straggling eye at our last meeting would be gadding throughout euerie corner of our companie, that you would proue such a kinde kistrell; but if you will néedes bee starting, Ile serue yee thereafter I warrant you: then see which of our beardlesse youngsters will take ye in, when I haue cast you foorth. Those quoth shee that countenance Menaphon and his pelfe, and are better able than your selfe: but howsoeuer I finde their fauour, I henceforth defie you and your fellowship. And therewith in great rage she flig away into the next chamber, where her vncle Lamedon laye a sleepe; to whome complaining of Menaphons discurtesies, he straight inuented this remedie; there was a shepheard called Moron (brother to Doron) that not long before died of a surfet, whose house and flocke beeing set to sale after his decease, he bought them both foorth with for Samela with certaine remainder of money he had, and therein enfeaft her maugre the furie of Menaphon; who when hee saw she was able to support her state without his purse, became sicke for anger, and spent whole Eclogues in anguish. Sometime lying comfortlesse on his bedde he would complatne him to the windes of his woes, in these or such like words; Forlorne, and forsooke since Phisicke dooth loathe thée; despaire be thy death, Loue is a God and despiseth thée a man; Fortune blinde, and can not beholde thy deserues: die, die, fonde Menaphon, that vngratefully hast abando-

ned

ned thy Mistresse. And therewith stretching himselfe vppon his bedde, as thinking to haue slept, hee was restrained by cares that exiled all rest from his eyes: whereuppon taking his pipe in his hande, twixte playing and singing hee playned him thus.

Menaphons Song in his bedde.

You restlesse cares companions of the night,
That wrap my ioyes in folds of endlesse woes:
Tyre on my heart, and wound it with your spight,
Since Loue and Fortune proues my equall foes.
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies:
Welcome sweete griefe, the subiect of my laies.

Mourne heauens, mourne earth, your shepheard is forlorne;
Mourne times and houres since bale inuades my bowre:
Curse euerie tongue the place where I was borne,
Curse euerie thought the life which makes me lowre.
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies,
Welcome sweete griefe the subiect of my laies.

Was I not free? was I not fancies aime?
Framde not desire my face to front disdaine?
I was; she did: but now one silly maime
Makes me to droope as he whom loue hath slaine.
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies,
Welcome sweete griefe the subiect of my layes.

Yet drooping, and yet liuing to this death,
I sigh, I sue for pitie at her shrine,
Whose fierie eyes exhale my vitall breath,
And make my flockes with parching heate to pine.
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies,
Welcome sweete griefe the subiect of my layes.

Fade

Fade they, die I, long may she liue to bliſſe
That feedes a wanton fire with fuell of her forme,
And makes perpetuall ſummer where ſhee is;
Whiles I doo crie oretooke with enuies ſtorme,
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies:
Welcome ſweete griefe, the ſubiect of my laies.

No ſooner had Menaphon ended this dittie, but Peſana hearing that he was lately faine ſicke, and that Samela & hee were at mortall iarres; thinking now to make hay while the Sunne ſhinde, and take opportunitie by his forelockes, comming into his chamber vnder pretence to viſite him, fell into theſe tearmes; Why how now Menaphon, hath your newe change driuen you to a night cap? Beleeue me this is the ſtrangeſt effect of loue that euer I ſaw, to freeze ſo quicklye the heart it ſet on fire ſo lately. Why maye it not bee a burning feuer as well quoth Menaphon blushing? Nay that can not be ſaid Peſana, ſince you ſhake for cold, not ſweat for heat. Why if it be ſo it is long of cold interteinment. Why quoth Peſana, hath your hot intertainment cooled your courage? No, but her vndeſerued hate quite hindered my conqueſt. You knowe quoth Peſana where you might haue bẽ let in long ere this, without either aſſalt or anie ſuch battrie With this the ſhephearde was mute, and Peſana aſhamed: but at length regathering his ſpirites to bewray his martyrdome, and make his olde Miſtreſſe ſome new muſicke, he ſtrained foorth this dittie.

Faire fields proud Floras *vaunt, why is't you ſmile*
when as I languiſh?
You golden meads, why ſtriue you to beguile
my weeping anguiſh?
I liue to ſorrow, you to pleaſure ſpring:
why doo you ſpring thus?
What will not Boreas *tempeſts wrathfull king*
take ſome pitie on vs?

And

And ſend foorth Winter in hir ruſtie weede,
to waite my bemonings;
Whiles I diſtreſt doo tune my countrey reede
vnto my gronings.
But heauen, and earth, time, place, and euerie power
haue with her conſpired
To turne my bliſſefull ſweetes to baleſull ſower,
ſince fond I deſired
The heauen whereto my thoughts may not aſpire:
ay me vnhappie.
It was my fault t'imbrace my bane the fire
that forceth me die.
Mine be the paine, but hirs the cruell cauſe
of this ſtrange torment:
Wherefore no time my banning praiers ſhall pauſe,
till proud ſhe repent.

Well I perceiue quoth Peſana, for all ſhe hath let you flie like a Hawke that hath loſt hir tyte; yet you meane to follow ſute and ſeruice, though you get but a handfull of ſmoake to the bargaine. Not ſo quoth Menaphon, but perhaps I ſeek to returne an ill bargaine as deare as I bought it. If you doo ſo, you are wiſer than this kercher doth ſhew you quoth Peſana. Much idle prattle to this purpoſe had Menaphō with Peſana in his ſickneſſe, and long it was not, but that with good diet and warme broths, (and eſpecially by her carefull attendance) hee began to gather vp his crummes, and liſten by litle and litle to the loue he late ſcorned. Leaue we them to their equall deſires, as ſurfetting either of others ſocietie; and let vs looke back to Theſſaly, where Samelaes ſtripling (now growne vp to the age of ſixteene yeres) flouriſht in honour & feates of armes aboue all the Knights of the Court, inſomuch that the eccho of his Fame, was the onely newes talkt on throughout euerie towne in Greece: but Olympia the Miſtres of his proweſſe, (for ſo was the Kings daughter named) was ſhe that moſt of all exalted in the farre renow-

med repoꝛts of his martiall perfections, to whose pꝛaise hee did conſecrate al his indeuours, to whoſe exquiſite foꝛme he did dedicate all his aduentures. But hell-boꝛne Fame, the eldeſt daughter of Erinnis, enuying the felicitie of theſe two famous Louers, diſmounted eftſoones from hir bꝛaſſe ſounding buildings, and vnburdened hir ſelfe of hir ſecrets in the pꝛeſence of yong Pleuſidippus, among whoſe catalogue ſhe had not foꝛgot to diſcouer, the incomparable beautie of the Arcadian ſhepheardeſſe; whereof the young Pꝛince no ſooner had receiued an inckling, but he ſtood vpon thoꝛnes til he had ſatiſfied his deſire with hꝛr ſight. Theꝛefoꝛe on a time ſitting with his Miſtreſſe at ſupper, when foꝛ table talke it was debated amongſt them, what Countrey bꝛedde the moſt accompliſht Dames foꝛ all thiugs? After ſtraungers and others had deliuered vp their opinions without parcialitie, one amongſt them all who had been in Arcadie, gaue vp his verdit thus freely; Gentle women (quoth hee) bee it no diſgrace foꝛ the Moone to ſtoope to the Sunne, foꝛ the ſtarres to giue place when Titan appeares; then I hope neither the Theſſalians will be moued, noꝛ the Grecians agricued, if I make Apollos Arcadie beauties Meridian. Neither wil I pꝛocéde heerein as our Philoſophicall Poets are wont, that muſter euerie mooner in the Zodiacke, euerie fixed ſtarre in the firmament, euerie elementall woꝛde of arte in an Almanacke, to pꝛoue that Countrey foꝛ beautie moſt Canonicall where their Miſtreſſe abideth; when as God wot, had they but learned of Appelles, *Ne ſutor vltra crepidam*, they wold not haue aſpired aboue their birth, oꝛ talkt beyond their ſowterly bꝛinging vp. Our Arcadian Nimphs are faire & beautifull, though not begotten of the Suns bꝛight rayes; whoſe eyes haue loues armoꝛie to the viewe, whoſe angelical faces are to the obſcure earth in ſteed of a Firmament: viewe but this counterfeite (and therewithall hee ſhewed the picture of Samela) and ſee if it be not of foꝛce to dꝛaw the Sunne from his ſpheare, oꝛ the Moone from hir circle to gaze as the one did on the beautie of Daphne, oꝛ al night contemplate as the

other.

other on the forme of Endymion. Pleusidippus who all this while heard his tale with attentiue patience, no sooner beheld the radiant glory of this resplendant face, but as a man already installed in eternitie, he exclaimed thus abruptly, O Arcadie, Arcadie storehouse of Nimphs, and nurserie of beautie. At which words Olympia starting vp suddenly, as if she a second Iuno, had taken hir Ioue in bed with Alcmena: & ouercasting the chamber with a frown that was able to mãtle the world with an eternall night, she made passage to her choller in these termes of contempt; Beardlesse vpstart of I know not whence, haue the fauors of my bounty (not thy desert) entred thée so déeply in ouerweening presumption, that thou shouldst be the formost in derogation of our dignitie, and blasphéming of my beautie? I tell thée recreant, I scorne thy clownish Arcady with his inferiour comparisons, as one that prizeth her perfection aboue anie created constitution. Pleusidippus vpon this speach stood plunged in a great perplexitie whether he should excuse himselfe mildly, or take her vp roundly: but the latter being more leuel to his humor thã the former, he begun thus to rowze vp his furie; Disdainful dame that vpbraidest me with my birth as it were base, & my youth as it were boyish, know that although my parents and progenie are enuied by obscuritie, yet the sparkes of renowm that make my Eagle minded thoughts to mount, the heauẽly fire imprisoned in the pannicles of my crest, inciting me to more déeds of honor, than stout Perseus effected with his fauchon in the fields of Hesperia, assertaineth my soule I was the sonne of no coward, but a Gentleman: but since my inequalitie of parentage, is such an eye sore to thy enuie, holde take thy fauors, (and therewith he threw her her gloue) and immortalize whom thou wilt with thy toyes; for I will to Arcadie in despite of thés and thine affinitie, there either to seeke out mischance, or a new Mistres. With this in a great rage he rose from the boord, & would haue mounted himselfe to depart in that mood, had not the Lords & gentlemen there present dissuaded him from such an vnaduised enterprise.

Neither was this vnkindneſſe kept ſo ſecret, but it came to the Kings eare as he was new riſe from dinner; who for the loue he bare to Pleuſidippus whome hee had honoured with Knighthood not long before, and for the toward hopes he ſaw in him, toke paines to goe to the chamber where they were; and finding his daughter in ſtraunge manner perplexed with the thought of Pleuſidippus departure, her eyes red, and her cheekes all to be blubbered with her iealous teares, he tooke her vp in this manner. Daughter, I thought I had choſe ſuch a one to be the obiect of your eie, as you might haue euerie way loued and honoured as the Lord of your life, and not haue controlled as the ſlaue of your luſte. Did I therefore grace him with my countenance, that you ſhould diſtaine him with your taunts; peeuiſh girle, I aduiſe thee on my diſpleaſure, either reconcile thy ſelfe betimes, and reforme thy vnreuerent tearmes, or I will diſclaime the loue of a Father, and deale by thee no more as a daughter. Olympia who alreadie had ſufficiently bitten on the bridle, took theſe words more vnkindly than all her former bitterneſſe, which ſhe digeſted but lowerly; neuertheleſſe making neceſſitie the preſent times beſt pollicie, ſhee humbled her ſelfe as ſhee might with modeſtie, and deſired the beſt interpretation of what was paſt: Pleuſidippus whoſe courteous inclination coulde not withſtand this ſubmiſſion, in ſign of reconcilement gaue her a *ſtoccado des labies*: yet was he not ſo reconciled, but he kept on his purpoſe of going to Arcadie; whereat Olympia (although ſhe grudged inwardly, yet being loath to offend) helde her peace, and determined to beſtowe vppon him a remembrance, whereby he might bee brought to thinke vppon her in his abſence; which was the deuiſe of a bleeding heart floting in the ſea, waues curiouſlie ſtampt in golde, with this *Motto* about it, *Portum aut mortem*; alluding as it ſeemed to the deuiſe in his ſhield, wherein (becauſe he was taken vp by Eurilochus on the ſhore) was cunningly drawne in a field argent, the ſea waues with Venus ſitting on the top, in token that his affection was alreadie lettered. Here holde this

ſaid

ſaid ſhe my ſwéet Pleuſidippus, and hang it about thy neck, that when thou art in Arcadie it may be euer in thine eye; ſo ſhall theſe droppes of ruth that paint out a painfull trueth, withdraw thy fancie from attracting ſtrange beautie: which ſaid, the teares guſht from her eyes, and good Agenors likewiſe, who gaue him nothing ſo much in charge, as to make haſt of his returne. Pleuſidippus although he could haue bin content to haue done the like for companie, yet he had ſuch a minde on his iourney, that he broke off ſuch ceremonies, and haſted a ſhipboord; and in a Barke bounde for Arcadie, hauing the winde fauourable made a ſhort cut, ſo that in a daye and nights ſayling, he arriued on the ſhore adioyning to the Promontorie wher he, his mother, and his vnckle Lamedon were firſt wrackt.

Leaue we him wandring with ſome few of his traine that came with him alongſt the ſea ſide, to ſéeke out ſome town or village where to refreſh themſelues; and let vs awhile to the Court of Democles where our Hiſtorie begau: who hauing committed his daughter with her tender babe, her huſbande Maximius, and Lamedon his vnckle without oare or mariner to the furie of the merciles waues, determined to leaue the ſucceſſion of his kingdome to vncertaine chance: for his Quéene with Sepheſtiaes loſſe (whō ſhe déemed to be dead) tooke ſuch thought, that within ſhort time after ſhe died. Democles as careleſſe of all weathers, ſpent his time Epicure-like in all kinde of pleaſures that either art or expence might affoord; ſo that for his diſſolute life he ſeemed another Heliogabalus, deriuing his ſecuritie from that grounded tranquilitie, which made it prouerbiall to the world, *No heauen but Arcadie*. Hauing ſpent manie yeares in this varietie of vanitie, Fame determining to applye her ſelfe to his fancie, ſounded in his eares the ſingular beautie of his daughter Samela; he, although he were an olde colte, yet had not caſt all his wanton teeth, which made him vnder the brute of beeing ſicke of a grieuous appoplexie, ſteale from his Court ſecretly in the diſguiſe of a ſhepheard, to come and ſeek out Same-

la; who not a little proud of hir new flocke, liude more contented than if she had been Quéene of Arcadie; and Melicertus loping not a little that shee was parted from Menaphon, vsed euerie day to visite her without dread, and courte her in such shepheards tearmes as he had; which howe they pleased her I leaue to you to imagine, when as not long after she vowed mariage to him solemnly in presence of all the shepheards, but not to be solemnized till the Prophecie was fulfilled, mentioned in the beginning of this Historie. Although this penance exceeded the limits of his patience; yet hoping that the Oracle was not vttered in vaine, and might as well (albeit he knew not which way) bee accomplished in him as in any other, was contented to make a vertue of necessitie, and await the vtmost of his destinie. But Pleusidippus, who by this time had perfected his pollicies, exchaunging his garments with one of the heardgroomes of Menaphon, tracing ouer the Plaines in the habit of a Shepheard, chanced to meete with Democles as he was new come into those quarters; whom mistaking for an olde shepheard, he began many impertinent questions belonging to the Sheepecoates, at last he askt him if he knew Samelas sheepfold; who answering doubtfully vnto all alike, made him halfe angrie: and had not Samela past by at that instant to fill her bottle at a spring néere the foote of the Promontorie, he should lyke inough haue had first hansell of our new Shepheards shéepehooke. But the wonder of her beautie so wrought with his wounded fancie, that he thought report a partiall speaker of her praises, and fame too base to talke of such formes. Samela espying this faire shepheard so farre ouer-gone in his gazing, stept to him, and askt him if he knew her that hee so ouerlookt her. Pardon me faire shepheardesse (quoth Pleusidippus) if it be a fault, for I cannot chuse being Eagle sighted but gaze on the Sunne the first time I sée it. And truely I cannot chuse but compare you to one of Æsops Apes, that finding a Glowworme in the night, tooke it for fire; and you séeing a face full of deformities, mistake it for the Sunne. Indeede

deede it maye be mine eyes made oppolite to ſuch an obiect may faile in their office, hauing their lights rebated by ſuch brightneſſe. May not vnlike quoth Samela, for els out of doubt you would ſee your way better. Why quoth Pleuſidippus I cannot go out of the way, when I meete ſuch glitſtering Goddeſſes in my way. How now ſir Paris, are you out of your Arithmeticke, I thinke you haue loſt your witts with your eyes, that miſtake Arcadie for Ida, and a Shepheardeſſe for a Goddes. How euer it pleaſe you (quoth Pleuſidippus) to derogate from my prowеſſe by the title of Paris, know that I am not ſo farre out of my Arithmetick, but that by Multiplication I can make two of one, in an houres warning, or bee as good as a cypher to fill vp a place at the worſt hand; for my wit ſufficeth be it neuer ſo ſimple to proue both *re* and *voce* that there can be no *vacuum in rerum natura*, and mine eyes (or elſe they deceiue me) will enter ſo farre in arte, as *niger eſt contrarius albo*, and teach mee how to diſcerne twixt blacke and white. Much other circumſtaunce of prattle paſſed betweene them, which the Arcadian Records do not ſhew, nor I remember; ſufficeth be pleaded loue, and was repulſt: which droue him into ſuch a cholar, that meeting his ſuppoſed ſhepheard, (who lying vnder a buſh, had all this while ouer heard them) he entred into ſuch termes of indignation, as Ioue ſhaking his earthquaking haire, when he ſate in conſultation of Licaon. Wherefore Democles perceiuing Pleuſidippus repulſt, who was euery way grаcde with the ornaments of Nature, began to caſt his bad pentworths, in whoſe face age had furrowed her wrinckles; except hee ſhould lay his crowne at her feete, and tell her he was King of Arcadia; which in Cõmon wealths reſpectes, ſeeming not commodious, he thought to turne a new leafe, and make this yong ſhepheard the meanes to perfect his purpoſe. Hee had not farre from that place a ſtrong Caſtle, which was inhabited as then by none but tilſmen and beardgroomes: thether did he perſwade Pleuſidippus to carrie her perforce, & effect that by cõſtraint, that he could not atchieue by intreatie; who

liſtning

listning not a little to this counsaile, that was neuer platted for his aduantage, presently put in practise what he of late gaue in precepts, and waiting till the euening that Samela should fold hir sheep, hauing giuen his men the watch word, maugre al the shepheards adioyning he mounted her behind him; and being by Democles directed to the Castle, he made such hauocke among the stubborne heardsmen, that wil they nill they, he was Lord of the Castle. Yet might not all this preuaile with Samela, who constant to her olde shephearde, would not intertcine anie new loue; which made Pleusidippus thinke all his haruest lost in the reaping, and blemisht al his delights with a mournful drooping. But Democles that lookt for a mountaine of golde in a Mole hill, finding her all alone, began to discourse his loue in more ample maner thã euer Pleusidippus, telling her how he was a King, what his reuenewes were, what power he had to aduance her; with many other proud vaunts of his wealth, and prodigal termes of his treasure. Samela hearing the name of a King, & perceiuing him to be hir Father, stoode amazed like Medusaes Metamorphosis, and blushing oft with intermingled sighes, began to thinke how iniurious fortune was to her shewen in such an incestuous father. But he hot spurred in his purpose, gaue hir no time to deliberate, but required either a quicke consent, or a present deniall. She tolde him, that the Shepheard Melicertus was alreadie intitled in the interest of hir beautie, wherefore it was in vain what he or anie other could plead in the way of perswasion. He thereupon entring into a large field of the baseneſſe of Shepheards, and royalties of Kings, with manie other assembled arguments of delight, that would haue fetcht Venus from her sphere to disport: but Samela whose mouth could disgest no other meate saue onely hir sweete Melicertus, ashamed so long to holde parley with her father about such a matter, flung away to her withdrawing chamber in a dissembled rage, ãnd there after her wonted manner bewailed her misfortunes.

Democles plunged thus in a Labyrinth of restles passi-

ons,

ons, ſéeing Melicertus figure was ſo déepely printed in the center of her thoughts, as neither the reſolution of his fantie, his Metamorphoſis from a King to a traueler, Crownes, Kingdomes, preferments, (battries that ſoone ouerthrowe the fortreſſe of womens fantaſies) when Democles I ſaye, ſaw that none of theſe colde remooue Samela; hearing that the Arcadian ſhepheardes were in an vprore for the loſſe of their beautiful ſhepheardeſſe, his hot loue changing to a bird of cope diſdaine; he intended by ſome reuenge, either to obtaine his loue, or ſatiſfie his hate: whereupon throughly reſolued, he ſtole away ſecretly in his ſhepheards apparaile, & got him down to the Plaines; where he found all the ſwains in a mutinie about the recouerie of their beautifull Paragon. Democles ſtepping amongſt the route, demanded the cauſe of their controuerſie. Marie ſir quoth Doron bluntly, the flower of all our garland is gone. How meane you that ſir, quoth he? We had anſwered Doron, an Eaw amongſt our Ramms, whoſe fleece was as white as the haires that grow on father Boreas chinne, or as the dangling deawlap of the ſiluer Bull, her front curled like to the Erimanthian Boare, and ſpangled like the wouſted ſtockings of Saturne, her face like Mars treading vpon the milke white cloudes: beleeue me ſhepheard, her eyes were like the fierie torches tilting againſt the Moone: this paragon, this none ſuch, this Eaw, this Miſtres of our flockes, was by a wily Foxe ſtolne from our foldes; for which theſe ſhepheards aſſemble themſelues, to recouer ſo wealthie a prize. What is he quoth Menaphó that Doron is in ſuch debate with? Fellowe canſt thou tell vs anie newes of the faire ſhepheardeſſe, that the Knight of Theſſaly hath carried away from her fellow Nymphes. Democles thinking to take opportunitie by the forhead: and ſeeing Time had feathred his bolte, willing to aſſaye as hee might to hit the marke, began thus.

Shepheardes, you ſee my profeſſion is your trade, and although my wandring fortunes be not like your home borne fauours; yet were I in the groues of Theſſalian Tempe, as

I am in the plaines of Arcadie, the ſwaines would giue mee as manie due honors, as they preſent you here with ſubmiſſe reuerence. Beautie that drew Apollo from heauen to playe the ſhepheard, that fetcht Ioue from heauen to bear the ſhape of a Bul for Agenors daughter, the excellence of ſuch a Metaphuſicall vertue, I meane ſhepheard the fame of your faire Samela, houering in the eares of euerie man as a miracle of nature, brought me from Theſſaly to fede mine eyes with Arcadies wonder: ſtepping alongſt the ſhoare to come to ſome ſheepcoate where my wearie limmes might haue reſt, Loue that for my labors thought to lead me to fancies pauilion, was my conduct to a caſtle, where a Theſſalian knight lyes in holde, the Portcullis was let downe, the bridge drawen, the Court of garde kept, thether I went; and for by my tongue I was known to be a Theſſalian, I was entertained and lodged: the Knight whoſe yeares are young, and valure matchleſſe, holding in his armes a Ladie more beautifull thã Loues Queene, all blubbered with teares, aſked me manie queſtions, which as I might I replide vnto: but while he talkt, mine eye ſurfetting with ſuch excellence, was detained vpon the glorious ſhew of ſuch a wonderfull obiect; I demanded what ſhe was of the ſtanders by, & they ſaid ſhe was the faire ſhepheardeſſe whome the Knight had taken from the ſwaines of Arcadie, and woulde carrie with the firſt winde that ſerued into Theſſaly: This ſhepheards I knowe, and grieue that thus your loues ſhould be ouermatcht with Fortune, and your affections pulde backe by contrarietie of Deſtinie. Melicertus hearing this, the fire ſparkling out of his eyes began thus; I tell thee ſhepheard, if Fates with their forepointing pencels did pen down, or Fortune with her deepeſt varietie reſolue, or Loue with his greateſt power determine to depriue Arcadie of the beautifull Samela, we would with our blood ſigne downe ſuch ſpels on the Plaines, that either our Gods ſhould ſummon her to Elizium, or ſhee reſt with vs quiet & fortunate: thou ſeeſt the ſhepheardes are vp in armes to reuenge, onely it reſts who ſhall haue the honour

and

and principalitie of the field. What needs that questiõ quoth Menaphon, am not I the Kings shepheard, and chiefe of all the bordering swaines of Arcadie. I grant quoth Melicertus, but am not I a Gentleman, though tirde in shepheardes skincoate; superiour to thee in birth, though equall nowe in profession. Well from words they had falne to blowes, had not the shepheards parted them; and for the auoyding of farther troubles, it was agreed that they should in two Eclogs make description of their loue, and Democles, for he was a stranger, to sit Censor, and who best could decipher his Mistres perfection, should be made Generall of the rest. Menaphon and Melicertus condescended to this motion, & Democles sitting as Iudge, the rest of the shepheards standing as witnesses of this combat Menaphon began thus.

Menaphons Eclogue.

Too weake the wit, too slender is the braine
That meanes to marke the power and worth of loue;
Not one that liues (except he hap to proue)
Can tell the sweete, or tell the secret paine.

Yet I that haue been prentice to the griefe,
Like to the cunning sea-man from a farre,
By gesse will talke the beautie of that starre,
Whose influence must yeeld me chiefe relieue.

You Censors of the glorie of my deare,
With reuerence and lowlie bent of knee,
Attend and marke what her perfections bee:
For in my words my fancies shall appeare.

Hir lockes are pleighted like the fleece of wooll
That Iason *with his* Gretian *mates atchiude,*
As pure as golde, yet not from golde deriude;
As full of sweetes, as sweete of sweetes is full.

Her browes are pretie tables of conceate,
Where Loue his records of delight dooth quoate,
On them her dallying lockes doo daily floate
As Loue full oft dooth feede vpon the baite.

Her eyes, faire eyes, like to the pureſt lights
That animate the Sunne, or cheere the day,
In whom the ſhining Sun-beames brightly play
Whiles fancie dooth on them diuine delights.

Hir cheekes like ripened lillies ſteept in wine,
Or faire pomegranade kernels waſht in milke,
Or ſnow white threds in nets of crimſon ſilke,
Or gorgeous cloudes vpon the Sunnes decline.

Her lips are roſes ouerwaſht with dew,
Or like the purple of Narciſſus *flower:*
No froſt their faire, no winde doth waſt their power,
But by her breath her beauties doo renew.

Hir chriſtall chin like to the pureſt molde,
Enchac'de with daintie dayſies ſoft and white,
Where fancies faire pauilion once is pight,
Whereas imbrac'de his beauties he doth holde.

Hir necke like to an yuorie ſhining tower
Where through with azure veynes ſweete Nectar runnes,
Or like the downe of Swannes where Senieſſe *woons,*
Or like delight that doth it ſelfe deuoure.

Hir pappes are like faire apples in the prime,
As round as orient pearles, as ſoft as downe:
They neuer vaile their faire through winters frowne,
But from their ſweetes Loue ſucke his ſummer time.

Hir bodie beauties beſt eſteemed bowre,

Deli-

Delicious, comely, daintie, without ſtaine:
The thought whereof (not touch) hath wrought my paine.
Whoſe faire, all faire and beauties doth deuoure.

Hir maiden mount, the dwelling houſe of pleaſure;
Not like, for why no like ſurpaſſeth wonder:
O bleſt is he may bring ſuch beauties vnder,
Or ſearch by ſute the ſecrets of that treaſure.

Deuourd in thought, how wanders my deuice,
What reſts behind I muſt deuine vpon?
Who talkes the beſt, can ſay but fairer none:
Few words well coucht doo moſt content the wiſe.

All you that heare; let not my ſillie ſtile
Condemne my zeale: for what my tongue ſhould ſay
Serues to inforce my thoughts to ſeeke the way
Whereby my woes and cares I doo beguile.

Selde ſpeaketh Loue, but ſighs his ſecret paines;
Teares are his truce-men, words doo make him tremble.
How ſweete is loue to them that can diſſemble
In thoughts and lookes, till they haue reapt the gaines,

Alonely I am plaine, and what I ſay
I thinke, yet what I thinke tongue cannot tell:
Sweete Cenſors take my ſilly worſt for well:
My faith is firme, though homely be my laye.

After the hapleſs Menaphon had in this homely diſcourſe ſhadowed his heauenly delight, the ſhepheard Melicertus after ſome pauſe began in this ſort.

Melicertus Eclogue.

What neede compare where ſweete exceedes compare?
Who drawes his thoughts of loue from ſenſeleſſe things,

Their pompe and greatest glories doth impaire,
And mounts Loues heauen with ouer leaden wings.

Stones, hearbes and flowers, the fooliſh ſpoyles of earth,
Flouds, mettalls, colours, dalliance of the eye:
Theſe ſhew conceipt is ſtaind with too much dearth:
Such abſtract fond compares make cunning die.

But he that hath the feeling taſte of Loue
Derines his eſſence from no earthlie toy;
A weake conceipt his power cannot approue,
For earthly thoughts are ſubiect to annoy.

Be whiſt, be ſtill, be ſilent Cenſers now;
My fellow ſwaine has tolde a pretie tale
Which moderne Poets may perhaps allow,
Yet I condemne the tearmes; for they are ſtale.

Apollo *when my Miſtres firſt was borne*
Cut off his lockes, and left them on hir head,
And ſaid; I plant theſe wires in Natures ſcorne,
Whoſe beauties ſhall appeare when Time is dead.

From foorth the Chriſtall heauen when ſhe was made,
The puritie thereof did taint hir brow:
On which the gliſtering Sunne that ſought the ſhade
Gan ſet, and there his glories doth anow.

Thoſe eyes, faire eyes, too faire to be deſcribde,
Were thoſe that earſt the Chaos did reforme:
To whom the heauen their beauties haue aſcribde,
That faſhion life in man, in beaſt, in worme.

When firſt hir faire delicious cheekes were wrought,
Aurora *brought hir bluſh, the Moone hir white:*
Both ſo combinde as paſſed Natures thought,

Com-

Compilde thoſe pretie orbes of ſweete delight.

When Loue and Nature once were proud with play,
From both their lips hir lips the Corall drew:
On them doth fancy ſleepe, and euerie day
Doth ſwallow ioy ſuch ſweete delights to view.

Whilome while Venus *Sonne did ſeeke a bowre*
To ſport with Pſiches *his deſired deare,*
He choſe her chinne; and from that happie ſtowre
He neuer ſtints in glorie to appeare.

Deſires and Ioyes that long had ſerued Loue,
Beſought a Holde where pretie eyes might woo them:
Loue made her necke, and for their beſt behoue
Hath ſhut them there, whence no man can vndoo them.

Once Venus *dreamt vpon two pretie things,*
Hir thoughts they were affections chiefeſt neaſts:
She ſuckt and ſightht, and bathde hir in the ſprings,
And when ſhe wakt they were my Miſtres breaſts.

Once Cupide *ſought a holde to couch his kiſſes,*
And found the bodie of my beſt beloude.
Wherein he cloſde the beautie of his bliſſes,
And from that bower can neuer be remoude.

The Graces earſt, when Alcidelian *ſprings*
Were waxen drie, perhaps did finde hir fountaine
Within the vale of bliſſe, where Cupides *wings*
Doo ſhield the Nectar fleeting from the mountaine.

No more fond man: things infinite I ſee
Brooke no dimenſion: Hell a fooliſh ſpeech;
For endles things may neuer talked be.

Then

Then let me liue to honor and beseech.

Sweete Natures pompe, if my deficient phraze
Hath staind thy glories by too little skill,
Yeeld pardon though mine eye that long did gaze,
Hath left no better patterne to my quill.

I will no more, no more will I detaine
Your listning eares with dallyance of my tongue:
I speake my ioyes, but yet conceale my paine;
My paine too olde, although my yeres be yong.

As soone as Melicertus had ended this Eclogue, they expected the doome of Democles, who hearing the sweete description, wherein Melicertus described his Mistres, wondered that such rare conceipts could bee harboured vnder a shepheards gray cloathing, at last he made this aunswere.

Arcadian Swaines, whose wealth is content, whose labours are tempred with sweete loues, whose mindes aspyre not, whose thoughts brooke no enuie; onely as riualls in affection, you are friendly emulators in honest fancie: sith fortune (as enemie to your quiet) hath reft you of your fayre shepheardesse, (the worlds wonder, and Arcadies miracle) & one of you as champion must lead the rest to reuenge, both desirous to shew your valour as your forwardnesse in affections, and yet (as I said) one to be sole chieftaine of the traine, I award to Melicertus that honor (as to him that hath most curiously portrayed out his Mistres excellencie) to beare the sole rule and supremacie. At this Menaphon grudged, and Melicertus was in an extasie for ioy; so that gathering all his forces together of stout headstrong clownes, amounting to the number of some two hundred, he apparailed himselfe in armour, colour sables, as mourning for his Mistres, in his shield he had figured the waues of the sea, Venus sitting on them in the height of all her pride. Thus marched Melicertus forward with olde Democles the supposed shepheard

till

till they came to the castle, where Pleusidippus and his faire Samela were resident. As soone as they came there, Melicertus begirt the Castle with such a siege, as so manie sheepish Caualiers could furnish: which when he had done, summoning them in the Castle to parley, the yong Knight stept vpon the walls, and seeing such a crue of base companions, with Jackets and rustie bills on their backs, fell into a great laughter, and began to taunt them thus.

Why, what straunge Metamorphosis is this? Are the plaines of Arcadie, whilome filled with labourers, now ouerlaide with launces? Are sheepe transformed into men, swaines into souldiers, and a wandring companie of poore shepheards, into a worthie troupe of resolute champions? No doubt, either Pan meanes to playe the God of warre, or else these be but such men as rose of the teeth of Cadmus. Nowe I see the beginning of your warres, and the pretended ende of your stratagems: the shepheards haue a madding humor like the Greekes to seek for the recouerie of Helena; so you for the regaining of your faire Samela. Heere she is Shepheards, and I a Priam to defende hir with resistance of a ten yeares siege; yet for I were loath to haue my Castle sackte like Troy, I pray you tell me which is Agamemnon?

Melicertus hearing the youth speake thus proudly, hating the sparkes of honor fresh vnder the cinders of pouertie, incited with loue and valor (two things to animate the most dastard Therstites to enter combate against Hercules) answered thus.

Unknowen yongster of Thessaly, if the feare of thy hardie deedes, were like the Diapason of thy threates, wee would thinke the Castle of longer siege, than either our ages would permit, or our valour aduenture: but where the shelfe is most shallowe, there the water breakes most high; emptie vessells haue the highest sounds, hollowe rockes the loudest ecchoes, and prating glorioters, the smallest performaunce of courage; for proofe whereof, seeing thou hast made a rape of faire Samela, one of her vowed Shepheards

is come for the safetie of hir sweete selfe to challenge thée to single combat; if thou ouercome me, thou shalt frælie passe with the shepheardesse to Thessaly; if I vanquish thée, thou shalt fæle the burthen of thy rashnesse, and Samela the swætnesse of her libertie. Pleusidippus meruailed at the resolution of the shepheard; but when Democles heard how if hee wonne, she should be transported into Thessaly, a world of sorowes tombled in his discontented braine, that he hammered in his head many meanes to stay the faire Samela; for when Pleusidippus in a great choller was readie to throwe downe his gantlet, and to accept of the combat. Damocles stepped vp and spoke thus: Worthie mirrors of resolued magnanimitie, whose thoughts are aboue your fortunes, & whose valour more than your reuenewes, knowe that Bitches that puppie in hast bring foorth blind whelpes; that there is no herbe sooner sprong vp than the Spattarmia, nor sooner fadeth; that fruits too soone ripe are quickly rotten; that déedes done in hast are repented at leisure: then braue men in so weightie a cause, and for the conquest of so excellent a Paragon, let not one minute begin and end the quarrell, but like Fabius of Rome vse delay in such dangerous exploytes, when honor sits on wreaths of Lawrell to giue the victor his garland: deferre it some three daies, and then in solemne manner end the combat. To this good motion not onely Pleusidippus and Melicertus agreed, but all the companie were consenting, and vpon pledges of truce being giuen, they rested. But Democles seeing in couerte he could not conquer, and that in despairing loues, secrecie was no salue, he dispatched letters to the Nobilitie of his court, with straight charge that they should bee in that place within three dayes with tenne thousand strong. This newes no sooner came to the Generall of his Forces, but leuying so many approoued souldiers, he marched secretly by night to the place Democles in his letters had prescribed; and there ioyfully interteined by the King, they were placde in ambush readie when the signall should be giuen to issue out of the place, and per-

forme their Souereignes command. Well, the third day being come, no sooner did Titan arise from the watrie Couche of his Lemman, but these two champions were readie in the listes, accompanied with the route of all the Arcadian shepheards, and olde Democles whom they had appoynted for one of the Judges. Pleusidippus seeing Melicertus aduãce on his shield the waues of the sea with a Venus sitting vppon them, meruailed what the shepheard should be that gaue his armes, & Melicertus was as much amazed to see a straunge Thessalian Knight vant his armes without difference; yet being so fraught with direfull reuenge, as they scorned to salute each other so much as with threates, they fell toughly to blowes. Samela standing on top of the turret, and viewing the combate; the poore Ladie grieuing that for her cause such a stratageme should arise in Arcadie, her countenance ful of sorrow, and flouds of teares falling from her eyes, she began to breath out this passion.

Unfortunate Samela born to mishaps, and forepointed to sinister fortunes, whose bloomes were ripened by mischance, and whose fruite is like to wither with despaire; in thy youth sate discontent pruning her selfe on thy forhead, now in thine age sorrow hides her selfe amongst the wrinckles of thy face: thus art thou infortunate in thy Prime, and crossed with cõtrarie accidents in thy Autumne; as hapless as Helena to haue the burden of warres laid on the wings of thy beautie. And who must be the champion? whose sword must pearce the helme of thine enemie: whose bloud must purchase the freedome of Samela, but Melicertus? If he conquer, then Samela triumphs, as if she had been chiefe victor in the Olympiades; if he loose, euerie drop falling from his wounds into the center of my thoughts, as his death to him, so shall it be to me the ende of my loues, my life, and my libertie. As still shee was about to goe forwarde in hir passion, the trumpet sounded and they fell to fight in such furious sorte, as the Arcadians and Democles himselfe wondered to see the courage of the Shepheard, that tied the Knight to such

a ſore taſke. Pleuſidippus likewiſe feeling an extraordinarie kinde of force, and ſeeing with what courage the Knight of the ſhepheards fought, beganne to coniecture diuerſly of the waues, and to feare the euent of the combate. On the contrarie parte, Melicertus halfe wearied with the heauie blowes of Pleuſidippus, ſtoode in a maze howe ſo yong a wagge ſhould be ſo expert in his weapon. Thus debating diuerſly in their ſeueral thoughts, at length being both wearie, they ſtepte backe, and leaning on their ſwordes toke breath, gazing each vpon other. At laſt Pleuſidippus burſt into theſe ſpeaches.

Shepheard in life, though now a Gentleman in armour, if thy degrée be better, I glorie I am not diſgraced with the combate: tell me, how dareſt thou ſo farre wrong mee, as to weare mine Armes vpon thy ſhield?

Pincockes (quoth Melicertus) thou lieſt, they bee mine owne, and thou contrarie to the Lawe of Armes beareſt my Creaſt without difference, in which quarrell, ſeeing it concernes mine honour, I will reuenge it as farre as my loues; and with that he gaue ſuch a charging blowe at Pleuſidippus healme, that hee had almoſt ouerturned him: Pleuſidippus left not the blowe vnrequitted, but doubled his force; inſomuch that the hazard of the battaile was doubtfull, and both of them were faine to take breath againe. Democles ſeeing his time, that both of them were ſore weakened, gaue the watchword, and the ambuſh leapt out, ſlaughtered manie of the ſhepheards, put the reſt to flight, toke the two champions priſoners, and ſacking the Caſtle, carried them and the faire Samela to his Court: letting the Shepheardeſſe haue her libertie, but putting Melicertus and Pleuſidippus into a deepe and darke dungeon.

Where leauing theſe paſſionate Louers in this Cataſtrophe, againe to Doron the homely blunt Shephearde; who hauing been long enamoured of Carmela, much good wooing paſt betwixte them, and yet little ſpeeding; at laſt, both of them met hard by the Promontorie of Arcadie, ſhee

leading

leading foorth her Sheepe, and hee going to see his newe yeand Lambes. As soone as they met, breaking a few quarter blowes with such countrey glaunces as they coulde, they geerde one at another louingly. At last Doron manfully begun thus.

Carmela by my troth God morrow, tis as daintie to see you abroad, as to eate a messe of sweete milke in July: you are proude such a house doue of late, or rather so good a Huswife, that no man may see you vnder a couple of Capons; the Church-yeard may stand long inough ere you will come to looke on it, and the Piper may begge for euerie pennie he gets out of your purse: but it is no matter, you are in loue with some stout Ruffler, and yet poore folkes, such a I am, must be content with porredge: and with that, turning his backe, he smiled in his sleeue to see howe kindely hee had giuen her the bobbe: which Carmela seeing, she thought to be euen with him thus.

Indéede Doron you saye well, it is long since wee met, and our house is a Grange house with you: but we haue tyed vp the great Dogge, and when you come you shall haue greene rushes you are such a straunger: but tis no matter; soone hot soone colde, hee that mingles himselfe with draffe, the hogges will eate him: and she that layes her loue on an vnkinde man, shall finde sorrowe inough to eate hir soppes withall. And with that Carmela was so full stomackt that she wept.

Doron to shewe himselfe a naturall young man, gaue her a few kinde kisses to comfort her, and sware that she was the woman he loued best in the whole worlde, and for proofe quoth he, thou shalt heare what I will praise: and you quoth she, what I will performe. And so taking hand in hand, they kindly sate them downe, and began to discourse their loues in these Eclogues.

The reports of the

Dorons Eclogue ioynd with Carmelas.

Sit downe Carmela *here are cubbs for kings,*
Slowes blacke as ieat, or like my Christmas shooes,
Sweete Sidar which my leathren bottle brings:
Sit downe Carmela *let me kisse thy toes.*

Carmela.

Ah Doron, *ah my heart, thou art as white,*
As is my mothers Calfe or brinded Cow,
Thine eyes are like the slow wormes in the night,
Thine haires resemble thickest of the snow.

The lines within thy face are deepe and cleere
Like to the furrowes of my fathers waine,
Thy sweate vpon thy face dooth oft appeare
Like to my mothers fat and Kitchin gaine.

Ah leaue my toe and kisse my lippes my loue,
My lippes and thine, for I haue giuen it thee:
Within thy cap tis thou shalt weare my gloue,
At foote ball sport thou shalt my champion be.

Doron.

Carmela *deare, euen as the golden ball*
That Venus *got, such are thy goodly eyes,*
When cherries iuice is iumbled therewithall,
Thy breath is like the steeme of apple pies.

Thy lippes resemble two Cowcumbers faire,
Thy teeth like to the tuskes of fattest swine,

Thy

Shepheards.

Thy ſpeach is like the thunder in the aire:
Would God thy toes, thy lips and all were mine.

Carmela.

Doron *what thing dooth moone this wiſhing griefe.*

Doron.

Tis Loue Carmela *ah tis cruell Loue.*
That like a ſlaue, and caitiffe villaine thiefe,
Hath cut my throate of ioy for thy behoue.

Carmela.

Where was he borne?

Doron.

In faith I know not where.
But I haue had much talking of his dart.
Ay me poore man, with manie a trampling teare,
I feele him wound the forehearſe of my heart,

What doo I loue? O no, I doo but talke.
What ſhall I die for loue? O no, not ſo.
What am I dead? O no my tongue dooth walke.
Come kiſſe Carmela, *and confound my woe.*

Carmela.

Euen with this kiſſe, as once my father did.
I ſeale the ſweete indantures of delight:
Before I breake my vowe the Gods forbid,
No not by day, nor yet by darkeſome night.

Doron.

The reports of the

Doron.

Euen with this garland made of Holly-hocks
I crosse thy browes from euerie shepheards kisse.
Heigh hoe how glad am I to touch thy lockes,
My frolicke heart euen now a free man is,

Carmela.

I thanke you Doron, *and will thinke on you,*
I loue you Doron, and will winke on you.
I seale your charter pattent with my thummes,
Come kisse and part for feare my mother comes.

Thus ended this merrie Eclogue betwixte Doron and Carmela: which Gentlemen if it be stuffe with pretie Similes and farre fetcht Metaphores; thinke the poore Countrey Louers knewe no further comparisons, than came within compasse of their Countrey Logicke. Well, twas a good worlde when such simplicitie was vsed, sayes the olde women of our time, when a ring of a rush woulde tye as much Loue together as a Gimmon of golde: but Gentlemen since wee haue talkte of Loue so long, you shall giue me leaue to shewe my opinion of that foolish fancie thus.

Sonetto.

What thing is Loue? It is a power diuine
That raines in vs: or else a wreakefull law
That doomes our mindes to beautie to encline:
It is a starre whose influence dooth draw
Our hearts to Loue dissembling of his might,
Till he be master of our hearts and sight.

Loue

Loue is a diſcord and a ſtrange diuorce
Betwixt our ſenſe and reaſon, by whoſe power
As madde with reaſon we admit that force,
Which Wit or labour neuer may deuoure,
It is a will that brooketh no conſent:
It would refuſe, yet neuer may repent.
Loue's a deſire, which for to waite a time,
Dooth looſe an age of yeeres, and ſo doth paſſe
As dooth the ſhadow ſeuerd from his prime,
Seeming as though it were, yet neuer was.
Leauing behinde nought but repentant thoughts
Of daies ill ſpent, for that which profits noughts.
Its now a peace, and then a ſodaine warre,
A hope conſumde before it is conceiude,
At hand it feares, and menaceth a farre,
And he that gaines is moſt of all deceiude:
It is a ſecret hidden and not knowne,
Which one may better feele than write vpon.

Thus Gentlemen haue you heard my verdite in this Sonetto, now will I returne to Doron and Carmela, who not ſeeing her mother come, fell againe to a few homely kiſſes, and thus it was.

After they had thus amorouſly ended their Eclogues, they plighted faith and troth; and Carmela verie briſkly wiping her mouth with a white apron ſealed it with a kiſſe, which Doron taking merueilous kindly, after a little playing loath to depart, they both went about their buſineſſe. Leauing them therefore to their buſineſſe, again to Democles; who ſeeing no intreaties would ſerue to perſwade Samela to loue, neither the hope of the Arcadian Crowne, nor the title of a Queene, laſtly aſſayed with frownes and threates, but all in vaine: for Samela firſt reſtrained by nature in that he was her Father, and ſecondly by loue in that Melicertus lay impriſoned onely for her ſake, ſtoode ſtill ſo

ſtiffe to her tackling, that Democles chaunging loue into hate, reſolued to reuenge that with death, which no meanes els might ſatiſfie: ſo that to colour his frauds withall, he gaue Samela free licenſe to viſite Melicertus: which ſhe had not long done, but that by the inſtigation of the old King, the gailor confederate to his treacherie, accuſeth her of adulterie: wherupon without further witneſſe they both were condemned to dye. Theſe two louers knowing themſelues guiltleſſe in this ſurmiſed faction, were ioyfull to ende their loues with their liues, and ſo to conclude all in a fatall and finall content of mindes and paſſions. But Democles ſet free Pleuſidippus, as afraide the King of Theſſaly would reuenge the wrong of his Knight, intertaining him with ſumptuous banquets, as befitted ſo braue and worthie a Gentleman. The day came prefixed wherein theſe parties ſhould die; Samela was ſo deſirous to end her life with her friend, that ſhe would not reueale either vnto Democles or Melicertus what ſhe was; and Melicertus rather choſe to die with his Samela, than once to name himſelf Maximius. Both thus reſolued, were brought to the place of execution; and Pleuſidippus ſitting on a ſcaffolde with Democles, ſéing Samela come forth like the bluſh of the morning, felt an vncouth paſſion in his mind, and nature began to enter combate with his thoughtes; not loue but reuerence, not fancie but feare began to aſſaile him, that he turnd to the King, and ſayd: Is it not pitie Democles, ſuch diuine beautie ſhould be wrapt in cinders: No quoth Democles, where the anger of a King muſt be ſatiſfied. At this anſwere Pleuſidippus wrapt his face in his cloake and wept, and all the aſſiſtants grieued to ſee ſo faire a creature ſubiect to the violent rage of fortune. Well Democles commaunded the deathſman to dw his deuoyre; who knéeling downe and crauing pardon, readie to giue Melicertus the fatall ſtroake, there ſtept out an olde woman attired like a Prophetеſſe, who cried out; Villaine hold thy hand, thou wrongeſt the daughter of a King. Democles hearing the outcrie, and ſeeing that at

that word the people begun to mutinie and murmur, demanded the olde woman what she meant: Now quoth she, Democles is the Delphian oracle performed; Neptune hath yelded vp the worlds wonder, and that is young Pleusidippus nephew to thee, and sonne to faire Sephestia, who heere standeth vnder the name of Samela, cast vpon the promontorie of Arcadie with her yong sonne, where shee as a shepheardesse hath liude in labours tempred with loues; her son playing on the shore, was conueyed by certaine pirates into Thessaly, where (when as he was supposed euerie waye to be dead) doing deedes of chiualrie, he fulfilled the prophecie: your highnesse giuing the Lyon, were guid vnto the lambs in dissembling your selfe a shepheard: planets resting vpon the hills, was the picture of Venus vpon their crests: & the seas that had neither ebbe nor tide, was the combate twixte the father and the sonne, that gaue the waues of the seas in their shields, not able to vanquish one another, but parting with equall victorie. For know Democles this Melicertus is Maximius, twice betrothed to Sephestia, and Father to yong Pleusidippus: nowe therefore the Oracle fulfilled, is the happie time wherein Arcadie shal rest in peace. At this, the people gaue a great shout, and the olde woman vanisht. Democles as a man rauisht with an extasie of sodaine ioye, sate still, and stared on the face of Sephestia: Pleusidippus in all dutie leapt from his seate, and went and couered his mother with his roabe, crauing pardon for the fondnesse of his incestuous affection: & knæling at his fathers feete submisse in that he had drawen his sword, & sought his life that first in this world gaue him life. Maximius first looked on his wife, and seeing by the lineaments of her face that it was Sephestia, fell about her necke, and both of them weping in the bosome of their sonne shed teares for ioye to see him so braue a Gentleman. Democles all this while sitting in a trance, at last calling his senses together, seeing his daughter reuiued, whom so cruelly for the loue of Maximius he had banisht out his confines, Maximius in safetie, and the childe

a matchles paragon of approued chiualrie, he leapt from his seate, and imbraced them all with tearts, crauing pardon of Maximius and Sephestia: and to shew that the outward obiect of his watrie eies, had a sympathie with the inward passion of his hart, he impaild the head of his yong neuew Pleusidippus with the crowne and diadem of Arcadie: and for that his brother Lamedon had in all distresse not lefte his daughter Sephestia, he toke the matter so kindly, that he reconciled himselfe vnto him, and made him Duke in Arcady. The successe of this forerehearsed Catastrophe growing so comicall, they all concluded after the Festiuall solemnizing of the Coronation (which was made famous with the excellent déedes of manie worthie Caualiers) to passe into Thessaly, to contract the mariage twixt Pleusidippus, & the daughter of the Thessalian King. Which newes spred thorough Arcadie as a wonder, that at last it came to Menaphons eares; who hearing the high parentage of his supposed Samela, seeing his passions were to aspiring, and that with the Syrian wolues he barkt against the Moone, he lefte such lettice as were too fine for his lips, and courted his old loue Pesana, to whom shortly after he was married. And lest there should be left any thing vnperfect in this pastorall accident, Doron smudgde himselfe vp, and iumpde a marriage with his old friend Carmela.

FINIS.